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GHT AND RELATIVITY. By Sir George Greenhill.  
ATE LOTTERIES IN THE DAYS OF OUR GRANDFATHERS (Illustrated).

# COUNTRY LIFE

U. S. Department of Agriculture.

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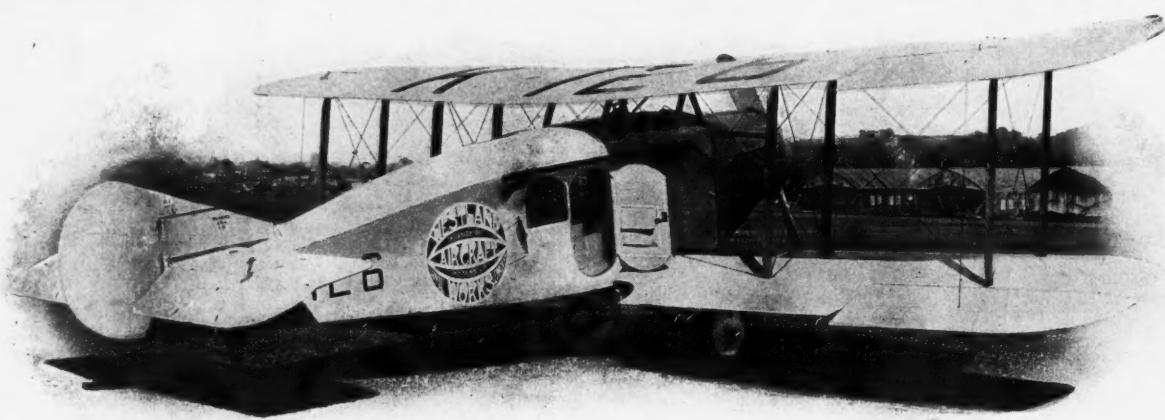
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# COUNTRY LIFE

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ALICE HUGHES.

MISS AUDREY JAMES.

104, Ebury Street S W

# COUNTRY LIFE

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## Re-shaping the Board of Agriculture

ORD LEE has taken three months to consider how he should re-shape the machine which has so heavy a task to perform, and if it does the work well the time will have been well spent. The Board of Agriculture and Fisheries has been changed by the war, both in the character and in the volume of its duties, more perhaps than any department of the State. Founded so recently as 1889 to take over the work of the old Land Commissioners and the functions with regard to the control of animal diseases, which, queerly enough, were performed by the Privy Council it took the transfer of fisheries duties from the Board of Trade in 1903. It is fair to say that up to 1914 its work was, in the main, restrictive and statistical. If it is to justify itself in the eyes of agriculture it must still perform these necessary duties, but, above all, it must administer a strong constructive policy in the interests of our greatest industry.

With the war came the supreme need for increased food production, and the guarantee of prices, which alone ensured the increase, involved Government interference and control. Farmers were restive under the orders of the Food Controller, but they accepted with remarkable loyalty the orders of the Food Production Department, administered as they were by the County Agricultural Executive Committees. The Agricultural Councils Bill now before Parliament sets up a Central Council, a smaller and more manageable advisory committee, and in each county an agricultural committee,

which will, through sub-committees, administer all agricultural business, including the levelling up of farming and, if need be, the elimination of the persistently bad farmer. The recent Drainage Act, with its provision of Drainage Boards for large areas, will go far to make farming prosperous in localities long hampered by the neglect of rivers and smaller water-courses. By the Land Settlement (Facilities) Act of this year, twenty millions is to be spent on providing small holdings for ex-service men. The acquisition of suitable land, its equipment with cottages and farm buildings, liaison work with the Ministry of Transport in order to ensure that the settlers are able to get away their produce, and the organisation of marketing on co-operative lines, these together make up another great task which must be performed well, but also speedily, if the promises given are to be fulfilled.

So far we have dealt with the issues arising directly out of the war, but an immense development is overdue in services common to all farming, *i.e.*, in research and education. An educational ladder must be built which will lead from the farm institute and agricultural colleges to the universities and research institutes. Problems of plant diseases and plant breeding, of animal nutrition and of labour saving machinery must be solved by the research of the best scientific brains we can bring to the work. When solved, their practical applications to the every day work of the farm must be spread far and wide by skilled organisers working in every county and in touch with every farmer.

The third group of problems is economic. Wages and hours of labour are now causing the gravest anxiety to farmers. The pressure of organised industry in the direction of assimilating the conditions of agricultural labour to those prevailing in the towns must be resisted with tenacity and skill, but at the same time with sympathy for the more legitimate aspirations of the worker on the land. The development of rural industries ancillary to agriculture must be fostered. The tendency to ask Parliament to control prices of agricultural produce in the sole interests of the town consumer must be watched closely and opposed if it threatens to drive the producer out of business.

Here, then, are three main functions to be performed. Under the old arrangement of a single permanent Head of the Board with a group of Assistant Secretaries under him procedure was necessarily slow because all streams of effort had to be poured through one bottle-neck. Lord Lee's reformed machine provides three main agricultural departments to deal with the three groups of problems, each headed by a Director-General, who will report direct to the President. We note with especial satisfaction a new departure in the method of handling business. Instead of relying on the old way of writing minutes about everything, an Administrative Council has been set up consisting of the President, the Parliamentary Secretary, the three Directors-General and, when Welsh business is to be done, the Welsh Secretary. This will be, in effect, like the board meeting of the directors of a company, and ought to hasten despatch by reaching decisions then and there.

The personal re-arrangements are interesting. Sir Daniel Hall brings more notable scientific attainments to the service of agriculture than anyone in this country, perhaps in Europe. He is Chief Scientific Adviser to the Board and Head of the Intelligence Department. We may be sure that research and education and those administrative functions, such as the control of plant and animal diseases, which are based on science will do well in his hands. Mr. Lawrence Weaver, as Chief Commercial Adviser, will watch the farmers' interest in matters relating to seeds, fertilisers and the like, and as Director-General of Land Settlement will have a big constructive task, in which his business ability and knowledge of housing matters should serve him well. Mr. Floud, as General Secretary and Director-General of the Finance and Economic Department, will have general charge of the administrative machine, and will doubtless show the same wisdom and organising skill that made his work at the Food Production Department so notably successful.

## Our Frontispiece

AS frontispiece to this week's issue of COUNTRY LIFE we print a portrait of Miss Audrey James, who is the youngest daughter of the late Mr. William D. James of West Dean, Sussex, and Mrs. Brinton.

\* \* \* It is particularly requested that no permission to photograph houses, gardens or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper.

Nov. 22nd, 1919.]



## COUNTRY NOTES

THE leader in this issue of *COUNTRY LIFE* may be accepted as an authoritative account of the steps taken by Lord Lee towards re-shaping the Board of Agriculture. Its main characteristic lies in the effort to make permanent the temporary measures adopted during the war to increase productivity. Much reliance has been placed upon committees consisting, as we understand, of practical farmers, whose advice will be at the service of the Board. The Agricultural Executive Committees of the various county councils answered a very useful purpose during the war, and we are glad that they are retained. Many a farmer who would not have liked to approach the Board itself carried his doubts and perplexities to them. No doubt it will be taken into full consideration that the head of the Board of Agriculture is ultimately responsible for the adoption or rejection of ideas such as that of land reclamation, and that in new developments the business of the practical man will be to carry them out. The history of agriculture shows that advance has generally come from an individual thinker whose suggestions were adopted by those engaged in the industry.

IN regard to land settlement, the improvement of transport, the organisation of marketing on co-operative lines, there is no room for a difference of opinion. Hard spade-work is required in each of these directions. Economic problems will be more difficult of solution. It is quite true that "wages and hours of labour are now causing the gravest anxiety to farmers." It will be a very great misfortune if during the coming winter men were discharged on a considerable scale simply because the farmer cannot afford to pay them for time which will be largely wasted on account of winter weather. The attempt to include agricultural labourers within the forty-eight hours proposal is a neglect of the difference between town and country which must be resisted if serious results are not to follow. It is not likely that the farmers will combine against it. They have the remedy in their own hands. No power on earth can compel them to employ more labour than they need, and the labourers' union cannot object to a man being discharged because they have elected to have only short engagements.

IT will be noticed that no mention is made of fixity of tenure, the feeling against which continues to grow. Farmers cannot reasonably expect to enjoy at one and the same time the privileges of landlord and of tenant. Indeed, it is a serious omission that Lord Lee puts forth no suggestion of measures to improve the owner in the same way as he is trying to improve the tenant. If fixity of tenure were granted, by whatever paraphrase it was attempted to disguise it, the effect would be to reduce the owner of land to the position of a mere rent charger. It would discourage him from laying out the capital landowners should lay out and from effecting permanent improvements which the tenant never has looked upon as his business. Fixity of tenure has never, in the past, had the result of making farmers more enterprising. On the contrary, a long lease has generally had the effect of making them retrogressive. When a first-rate agriculturist sets his mind on land improvement he begins by acquiring the acres on which he is going to operate. It is true that generous provision is made for recompensing a man for unexhausted improvements, and there is a great deal to be done on the land from which no tenant can expect

to reap the reward. Take, for example, the planting of trees as windscreens—a much-needed improvement on many farms. Who but an owner would undertake the expense, seeing that the advantage will go chiefly to his descendants? That is only one of many things which landowners have done in the past and which they should be encouraged to do in the future.

EVERY thoughtful student of great political movements will rejoice in the result of the French elections. It constitutes the greatest blow Bolshevism has so far received. If any nation in the world knows the misery of revolution it is surely the French. They have inherited it from no distant forefathers, and, indeed, some have personal experience of the events that followed the war of 1870. It is good, then, for the whole world to know that the race which has the clearest apprehension of revolutionary proceedings has rejected and cast out the neo-revolutionaries who derived their inspiration from Russia. The result is the more remarkable inasmuch as the decision is that of a broader electorate than France has ever before possessed. No doubt the personality of M. Clemenceau has something to do with it; but if the populace had not made up their minds that Bolshevism was an evil thing the Prime Minister's influence would have been unavailing.

### ESCAPE.

O Autumn woods, my heart is tired with wandering about  
And all my courage fails,  
O lovely woods draw close your coloured veils,  
And shut the cold world out!

The little tangled branches catch my curls, the bracken  
makes  
Strong nets to hold me fast,  
But safe in Heaven my truant spirit makes  
Her bright wings free at last!

OLIVE CUSTANCE.

AT the moment it seems as if the United States had wrecked the League of Nations which Mr. Wilson brought into being. Mr. Lodge, at any rate, has no doubt about it. He says the League is as dead as a doornail, and there seems to be some anxiety lest the Americans should refuse the Treaty of Peace altogether. Looking beyond party feelings and recriminations, it would appear that the United States shrinks from becoming too closely associated with European politics. The Republic is in the position of Great Britain when Mr. Goschen, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, publicly rejoiced in our "splendid isolation." It is natural enough that the Americans should think, if they interfere in Europe, that they could not claim respect for the Monroe doctrine in the States. But in these times, when space is annihilated, it must be as difficult for the United States, as it was for Great Britain, to maintain isolation, splendid or otherwise.

IT has often been pointed out that a time must come when we shall have to depend upon the tides for motive power. Coal has been wasted, and the supply cannot hold out for ever; besides which, it has become too expensive for industry. Oil, to a certain extent, may succeed it, though even the Americans admit that the potential oil supply of the world is insufficient. In an island country such as ours it would be of paramount importance if a means could be adopted to utilise the tides. Mr. Joseph Clarkson, a Manchester engineer who recently perfected a wind turbine has been conducting certain experiments in the River Mersey which are promising and hopeful. His apparatus consists of buckets attached to an endless chain and placed behind each other, the chain driving chain-wheels fixed on horizontal shafts. The contrivance is fixed on a floating framework, the buckets on the lower side being in the water and carried along by the current, while those on the upper side are out of the water and driven in an opposite direction. In this way he obtains a rotary motion for the shafts that might be used to drive a dynamo or charge an accumulator. The experiment has attracted the attention of the Board of Trade, and tests have been carried out on H.M.S. *Conway*.

MR. J. H. THOMAS gave a clear and useful exposition of the new Government offer to railwaymen at a meeting at Bristol on Sunday. He is very hopeful about the position. The first proposal is to set up a Joint Board on the railways, composed of five general managers and five representatives of railway labour. These ten will deal mainly with the conditions of service, "but," says Mr. Thomas, "nothing

whatever will be excepted from their consideration." The second proposal is that three railwaymen should join the Railway Executive, with equal powers to those of the general managers. Little fault can be found with the speech of Mr. Thomas except so far as regards its omissions. If there is to be a Railway Executive after the Transport Ministry has said its say, the first business of all those upon it is to make the running of railways profitable. To this Mr. Thomas did not allude. Yet that was the matter that needs to be urged upon the attention of railwaymen.

IN the end there is no fund to pay wages out of except the earnings of the railways, and to increase those earnings must be the policy of any good management, whoever is included in it. The railwaymen need to have this elementary truth impressed upon their minds, because it is an impossibility that the country should go on for any length of time paying wages or meeting other expenses out of the pockets of the taxpayers. One has only to imagine the whole of the industries of this country nationalised to see the absurdity. Probably each industry run by the nation would need to be subsidised; but as the whole would be under the same conditions there would be no external fund from which to supplement the earnings of the industry itself. The argument applies, of course, with equal force to the proposal to nationalise the mines. As long as there are businesses carried on independently it may be possible to extract from their profits the funds required to help the nation to carry on mines as well as railways. But if there were no industry independent there would be no fund to fall back upon, and this absolutely proves the absurdity of the nationalisation project. Indeed, it seems only an outcome of the high wages paid under the exigency of war without any consideration as to whether profits would be made or not. We do not at all question the assertion made by Mr. Thomas that railway workers have plenty of brains, but they should not confine their intellectual efforts to such matters as wages. They should learn that the first essential is prosperity in the undertaking. The division of the spoils may be decided when that is secured.

MOTORS and crime afford a topic well worthy of comment just now. Since the war the motor thief has increased enormously in the land. On several occasions recently the police have succeeded in unearthing a conspiracy to carry on the stealing of motors on a very large scale. One gang had £8,000 worth of stolen property in their possession; another was credited with £12,000. The thieves appear mostly to have their homes in London, but there is no doubt that many of them work in collusion with local thieves and provincial accomplices. The local thief knows exactly the bearings of the garage which it is proposed to harry and the London accomplices conduct the sale. In one case the proceedings of the gang have been traced to Manchester, where a fleet of motor cars, all of which had been stolen, was discovered in an obscure garage. It is an important thing that the law is dealing with these adventurers, but a great deal also could be gained by giving full publicity to the cases, as this would put owners on their guard.

ANOTHER complaint which reaches us frequently is that the huge lorries, mostly belonging to the Government, are driven recklessly on country roads. The men race with one another, and appear altogether to forget that there are many peaceable men and women on the road simply walking. One of the saddest cases coming under our notice was that of a servant girl who had been visiting her mother at a wayside cottage. She had scarcely got away from the garden gate when a motor lorry, pressing to get past another, ran up with one wheel on the footpath and crushed her against the fence, with the result that, even if she were to recover the injury to her spine, it would make her little better than an invalid. Cases of this kind have been very frequent of late, and, because the drivers in many cases are ex-soldiers, there is a reluctance to bring them before the authorities. But no good is being done to them by indulgence. If they are driving those huge vehicles on the road they ought to take the greatest care not to injure pedestrians, or accept the consequences.

THE names have been published of the Royal Commissioners to enquire into the question of State aid for Oxford and Cambridge and the financial resources and administration of the two universities. Mr. Asquith is the chairman of the Commission, and also of the Oxford Committee; Mr. Gerald Balfour is the chairman of the Cambridge Commission and Lord Ernle of the Committee on Estates Management. There are two lady commissioners, Miss Penrose, Principal of Somerville, from Oxford, and Miss Clough, Vice-Principal of

Newnham, from Cambridge. The purely external element is represented by Mr. Mansbridge and Mr. Arthur Henderson. Generally speaking, the system adopted appears to be that Oxford men should enquire into Oxford and Cambridge men into Cambridge. Some people will be perhaps inclined to think that it has been carried too far and that there might have been something more of a principle of exchange. But the Commission is in no danger of being a parochial one. Several of the commissioners, though they are primarily Oxford or Cambridge men, have made their careers in the outside world, and so will come with fresh minds to enquire into their old universities. The list of names should inspire respect and confidence in all save those who are obsessed with the notion that Oxford and Cambridge are mere playgrounds of the idle rich. If the Commission can, by their report, dispel this singular illusion, they will have accomplished a good work. That material for criticism will be found is certain, but those who best know the universities are confident that on the whole they will come well out of the trial.

GEORGE ELIOT.

Born November 22nd, 1819.

How bright a world of mirth and toil !  
—Where lichen grows on Donnithorne,  
And fireside Gran'fers prate of soil,  
And price o' corn !

Here roam the truant red-cheeked boys,  
(Peg-tops to whip, and coins to toss)  
In daisied fields . . . Ah ! primal joys !  
Ah, River Floss,

That ever flows to sea !—Above,  
Homeless on wharf, in cobbled street,  
One treads the bleeding ways of love,  
With patient feet :

Dark Maggie, till that last embrace.  
—Here lovers, newly-come from tryst,  
Bless Dinah, of rapt, quiet face :  
Evangelist !

. . . How brave a world wherein her heart  
Of faith saw human impulse move  
Eternally to Good. . . . Her Art  
Lives in our love !

JOYCE COBB.

IN another part of this week's issue will be found a review of Mr. Horace Hutchinson's "Fifty Years of Golf," some part of which appeared in COUNTRY LIFE a little while before the war. We have now long grown accustomed to the worldwide popularity of the game and it is rather curious to reflect that its astonishing progress has been made almost entirely within the period of Mr. Hutchinson's reminiscences. There are thousands of golfers to-day who have never played with a "gutty" ball. It already seems an age since the ingenious Mr. Haskell revolutionised the game, possibly to its detriment, and to remember the "gutty" ball is to establish some claim to being a golfing veteran. Yet Mr. Hutchinson can go back much further than this. He remembers the time when there were but two seaside courses in England, when there was neither a brassie nor a mashie, and he believes himself to have been the first, or almost the first, vandal who used an iron club on the putting green in place of the old wooden putter. Such a state of things sounds incredibly dim and far away, and yet, though Mr. Hutchinson himself cannot unfortunately play nowadays, his great rivals, Mr. Ball and Mr. Laidlay, but a few years younger, are still truly formidable opponents. Mr. Hutchinson's memories are extraordinarily interesting to any golfers who love something in the game beyond the mere hitting of their own ball, and the golf of his boyhood, as he describes it, had a friendliness and comradeship and simplicity for which nothing to-day can, perhaps, quite compensate.

BIBLIO BUYERS will have a fine chance of acquiring rarities at the sale of that famous collector, Mr. S. R. Christie-Miller, which takes place on November 28th. There is "A Treatise of Fysshynge" of Juliana Berners, the first separate edition and the only copy known. It was printed by Wynkyn de Worde in 1530. Another treasure is Nicholas Breton's "A Smale handfull of fragrant Flowers, etc."—another unique copy. Of a fine black letter "The Game and Playe of the Chesse Moralized"; the only other perfect copy known is in Trinity College, Cambridge. Another unique copy is "The Hye Way to the Spytell Hous," with

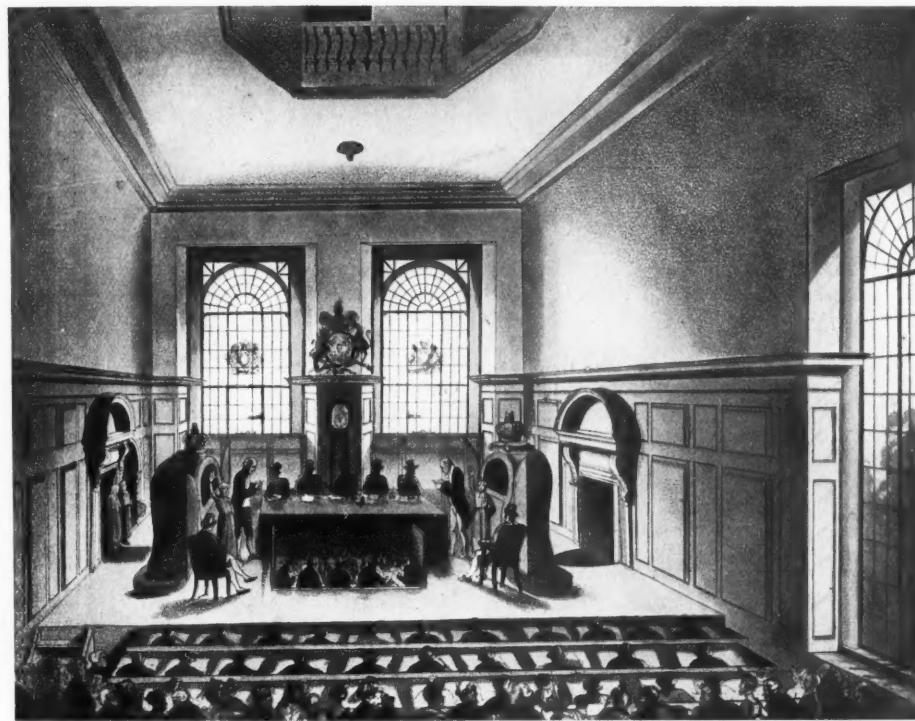
Nov. 22nd, 1919.]

its interesting woodcut showing three figures labelled "Porter," "Copland" and "Beggar," from the title leaf. Also said to be unique is the "Complaynte of them that ben to late maryed," in verse of several line stanzas. There is also an example, supposed to be the only complete one

known, of the "Gospels of Distaves." Fragments are in the British Museum and the Bodleian Library. "A Quip for An Upstart Courtier," "The Cherrie and The Slaye," and "The Paradyse of daynty deuifis" are but a few of many other items of more than general interest.

## STATE LOTTERIES IN THE DAYS OF OUR GRANDFATHERS

HERE is some talk now of a possible revival of lotteries in connection with the financial necessities of the State. But Victory Loan Bonds and Premium Bonds are one thing; State lotteries are another. When lotteries were put down by Act of Parliament in 1826—the last drawing took place on April 18th of that year in the now demolished Coopers'



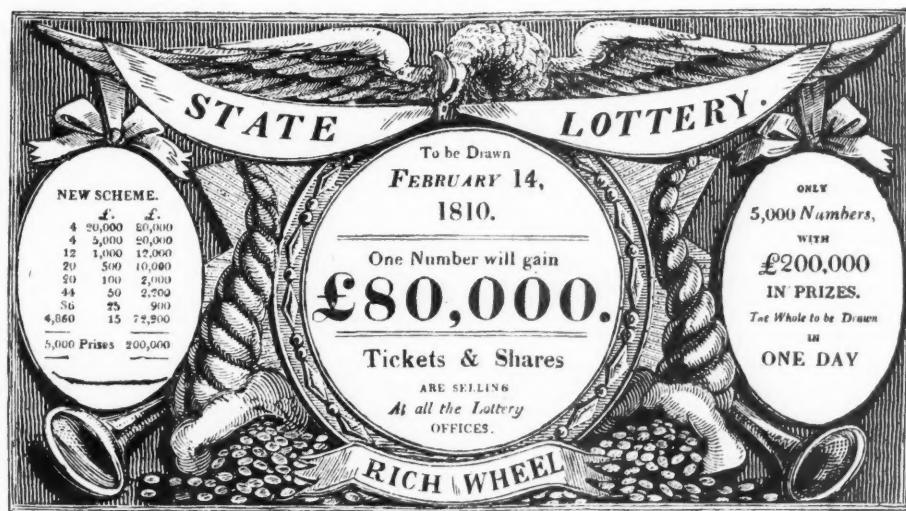
BLUECOAT BOYS DRAWING AT A STATE LOTTERY (1809).

Hall, which stood in Basinghall Street—it was felt that a degrading moral cancer had been cut out of the body politic. "The lottery was the cause of every vice that could be practised and of every crime that could be committed; it separated families; it severed husbands and wives; it carried devastation all over the metropolis and ruined all sorts of people in masses." Such is a lurid contemporary account of the evils wrought by the lottery habit and the gambling fever by which it was accompanied. This rose to its height in the eighteenth century, when at one time there were lottery oyster-stalls, lottery barbers, lottery drapers, lottery ham and beef shops and even lottery sausages stalls, where you could buy a hot sausage for a farthing with a ticket for a five shilling prize thrown in.

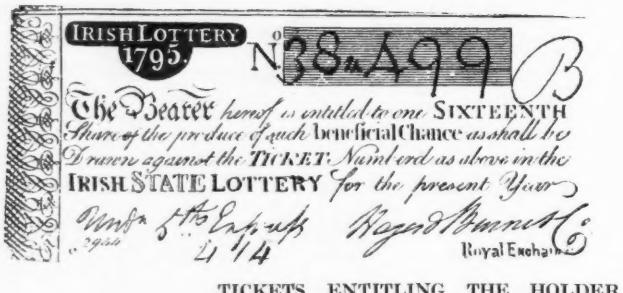
The first State lottery in this country was held in 1569, and the object was the thoroughly patriotic one of raising money for

however, one of Queen Anne's Parliaments relented, and they started again in full blast, under State patronage, justified by their advocates on the ground of the revenue they produced. The State lottery of 1779 was typical. Forty-nine thousand tickets were issued and £400,000 was offered in prizes. There were 16,330 prize-winning numbers and 32,670 blanks, and the prizes ranged from two of £20,000 each down to 15,820 of £20. The tickets were bought in huge blocks by firms of contractors, who divided them into halves, quarters, eighths and sixteenths and sold them to the public at prices which showed a handsome profit, while the

Treasury benefited to the extent of a anything from £300,000 to half a million. It was estimated that some 2,000 agents and clerks were engaged in the business and 7,500 "morocco men," so called from the red books in which they entered the "insurances" of the ticket buyers, or, as they were usually



Cyc and Balne, Printers, 33, Gracechurch-street.  
ADVERTISING A LOTTERY OF 1810.



TICKETS ENTITLING THE HOLDER

TO A SIXTEENTH OF A PRIZE.

called, "adventurers." The drawings lasted for forty days, until an Act was passed in 1806 confining the drawing to a single day in order to put an end to the practice of "insurance." This was carried on in the following way. Any number which a gambler fancied could be "insured" at a low premium on the chance of its being drawn for a prize, the premiums rising as the draw proceeded. The "insurance" offices were packed night and day by frenzied gamblers, and the literature of the period teems with references to their demoralising influence.

The State certainly drew a considerable revenue, for from 1793 to 1824 it made an average profit from the lotteries of £346,765. But it was purchased very dearly. In addition to the State lotteries, Parliament occasionally sanctioned lotteries of a special character. For example, Skinner Street, Holborn, an unfortunate building speculation, was disposed of by lottery. The Mercers Company in 1745 paid off by means of a lottery the bonds they had issued when in financial difficulties. Alderman Boydell received permission to dispose of his stock of prints by a lottery, and Sir Ashton Lever's Natural History Museum at Leicester House shared a similar fate, though the owner only sold 8,000 tickets out of the 40,000 offered to the public. The accompanying illustration of Coopers' Hall shows a drawing in progress. The President and the Commissioners are sitting at the high table to see that the drawing is regularly conducted; the clerks below are entering the names as they are drawn, and the hall is full of excited gamblers. The draw was actually performed by boys from Christ's Hospital, who may be seen near the wheels from which they have taken the numbers holding

up the tickets to public view. At one time the Guildhall was regularly used for the purpose and used to be crowded by a horrible throng of degraded people, who, in the language of the period, had "raked hell with a nail" to secure their sixpence for admission.

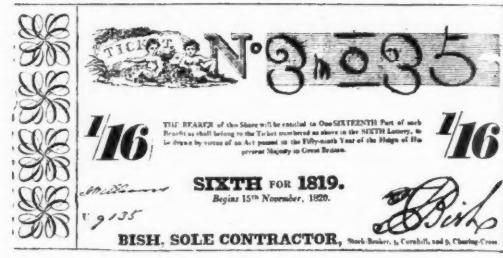
The contractors, of course, did not fail to push their tickets with all the alluring arts of which they were capable. Their offices were gaily lit with coloured lamps; their windows were set out with a fine display of golden guineas pouring from a horn of plenty. The big prize was usually £20,000—then considered an enormous sum—and the agents vied with one another in advertising their previous successes, as though they were the special darlings of Fortune. One firm paid an old woman, named Goodluck, an annuity of £50 for the use of her name as a sleeping partner. The mania was general, but the winners were few and the losers many. On one occasion the prayers of the congregation at St. Andrew's, Holborn, were asked for "a lady who had engaged in a new undertaking." It was not till later that the Rector discovered that "the new undertaking" consisted of a ticket in a lottery. But Heaven detected the pious fraud, and the prayers did not avail. It should be remembered by those who are tempted by the suggestion of lotteries that public opinion in 1826 was by no means squeamish. Those were the days when George IV was King and gambling in high society was held a venial offence. But the vices and abuses which grew up out of the State lottery were too much even for the not over-nice conscience of the age. That being so, no one need regret the ban which was placed upon it, and no one who knows the facts will desire its removal. F.

## Don't be deceived!

THERE ARE  
Fifteen Thousand BLANKS  
In the PRESENT LOTTERY, and of the Five Thousand Prizes,  
of which so much has been said, no less than  
Four Thousand Eight Hundred & Sixty  
Are Prizes of  
FIFTEEN POUNDS ONLY!!

And Sixteenths are selling at the ENORMOUS Price of £1 10s. 6d. each, being at  
the Rate of 124 8s. per Ticket, although the actual Value of a Ticket is but  
TEN POUNDS!!!

Burton, Printer, Fetter-lane, London.



## Time flies!

A very few days more, and the Day of Drawing will arrive. Those who have not yet purchased, should recollect, that they may never have so good a chance, as, in a short time, Lotteries will be for ever abolished!

The present Scheme will bear comparison with any: it contains the unexampled number of

**SEVEN £20,000!**  
Money and Three per Cent.

**2 £20,000 Money**  
In the First Five Minutes  
**19th This Month**  
(FEBRUARY.)

TICKETS AND SHARES ARE SELLING BY  
**MARTIN & Co.**  
STOCK-BROKERS,  
8, CORNHILL, & 120, OXFORD-STREET.  
Who sold the following Fund Capitals:  
No. 251, £40,000—2,003, £20,000—1,172, £20,000,  
1,372, £20,000—1,674, £10,000.

## Naked Truth

If you were to buy a Ticket of EVERY NUMBER IN THE PRESENT LOTTERY you could get but ONE Prize of Twenty Thousand Pounds, although you ARE TOLD there are FOUR Prizes of that value; those Persons don't say a Word of the

**Fifteen Thousand BLANKS.**

Another extraordinary Fact is, there are but

**35 Numbers,**  
Although there are  
20,000 TICKETS,

By the Purchase of one of which an Adventurer can  
get back his own Money.

How we are humbugged!

EARLY NINETEENTH CENTURY ANNOUNCEMENTS CONCERNING THE LOTTERY.

## SCARCITY

IS justly reckoned one of the greatest of evils. By a Scarcity of Provisions whole Provinces have been starved to death, and the pride and glory even of Kingdoms been humbled to the dust. A provident foresight, however, has often prevented a Scarcity, and repelled the inroads of famine: thus, Joseph saved Egypt from destruction; and thus the VOTARIES OF FORTUNE, by a timely promptitude, secure themselves an ample Independence; for, that

*Lottery Tickets will shortly be uncommonly scarce*

is a well-known fact; and those, who do not seize Time by the forelock, and neglect to buy Shares now, ere they are unattainable, may have to repent, that their indecision has deprived them of an Independent Fortune. The Whole of the Lottery will be drawn

**Next Wednesday**

## FREE ADMISSION.

Theatre-Royal

TO-MORROW, Feb. 14, 1810,

Will be performed by His Majesty's Servants the favorite Play of

**A CURE FOR THE HEART-ACHE,**  
Or, How to grow Rich.

With many new Scenery, Dances, and appropriate Descriptions.

The principal Characters will be sustained by several Gentlemen of undoubted Ability from Somerset-House, assisted by a few Young Gentlemen from Christ-Church Hospital.

THEIR FIRST APPEARANCE ON THIS STAGE.

Officers, Attendants, &c. by the usual Performers.

Before the Act of the Play, there will be performed a most interesting Interlude, called

**"Fond Hopes arise,"**

BY THE WHOLE COMPANY.

To which will be added the very popular Entertainment of

**Fortune's Frolick,**

Or, The Poor Man's Metamorphosis.

Under the entire Inspection of that able Performer, Mr. WOOD

When will be shown the superb Adventures of the present Lottery, which contains Fifty

Prizes, only Five Thousand Numbers, with Five Thousand Prizes, including Five

of £20,000 Each. All to be determined on that Day.

VIVANT REPS & REGALS.

Tickets may be had at the different Lottery Offices, and their Agents in all parts of

the Country.

5.—The last Time of the Company's Performing this Season.

1810.—THE WHOLE COMPANY.

# LIGHT AND RELATIVITY

BY SIR GEORGE GREENHILL.

THE dramatic announcement of the astronomers has set all the world talking and curious about their discovery in the last eclipse of the sun, of the effect they were searching for as predicted by Einstein (although a cynical philosopher has warned us to be most on our guard in such cases, where we are seeking for corroboration of a preconceived theory). The eclipse provided the opportunity of photographing the stars as they disappeared behind the sun's disc, and the measurements were accurate enough to record a deflection of the nature of refraction, which, according to Einstein's prediction, should amount to a second of angle and three-quarters, whereas on the old Newtonian theory the deflection should be only half that amount, treating a ray of light as a stream of heavy particles grazing the sun. In each case it is no longer a paradox to-day in modern science to say light is heavy.

Such delicate measurements are susceptible of some uncertainty, even with the best instrumental appliances of astronomy. A second of angle is realised in imagination as the appearance of a halfpenny at 6,000 yds. range.

The verdict of the astronomers was awaited with the greatest interest at the Royal Society on November 6th last, and it was to the effect that a mean deflection was observed, certainly greater than the Newtonian estimate, and close enough to Einstein's prediction to be held a confirmation of his theory.

The name Relativity of the new doctrine of space and time is not very expressive, but it arose from the recognition that all our notions of position and displacement are relative to some other body; there is no identification of a point in space. The orthodox Newtonian mechanics are based on the assumption that any uniform absolute motion does not affect the relative motion of bodies which we experience and calculate, such as is the Solar System.

But now we are invited to examine more closely the notions we have acquired on the world of time, space and matter in which we exist, the only one we know at first hand, and to consider the changes in them in distant regions of the universe, unattainable by us directly, but arguing from the information given by our only means of communication, by light and electromagnetic manifestation.

The metaphysician and psychologist is delighted to enter into the discussion at the present stage, and to lay down the law, before his daring speculations can be checked by an appeal to crude fact. He argues from the majestic uniformity of space and time, without beginning, or end, or boundary, all the more arresting to his attention from the accidental nature of the empirical universe considered by him.

If he can be persuaded to enter a little into mathematical details, his assistance will be valuable, as in cross-fertilisation; and to make a beginning he could not do better than to take up the study in Maxwell's "Matter and Motion," 1876, a little book on a great subject, where the idea of the relativity of space and motion are introduced at an early stage, and the treatment is carried out with the metaphysical acumen of a Scotch professor.

Although the change in the new point of view will never affect our life on the earth directly or even be appreciable, the careful thinker cannot rest till he has fathomed the new mysteries, and till then will take no further interest in more certain speculation.

In the section on the Relativity of Dynamical Knowledge, Maxwell describes our progress as a gradual development of the doctrine of relativity of all physical phenomena. As our ideas become clearer of space and motion, we come to see how the whole body of dynamical doctrine hangs together in one consistent system. There are no landmarks in space; one portion of space is exactly like every other portion, so that we cannot tell where we are. In space we are, as it were, on an unruffled sea, without star, compass, soundings, wind or tide, and we cannot tell in what direction we are going. We have no log to cast out for dead reckoning; we may compute our rate of motion with respect to neighbouring bodies, but we do not know how these bodies are moving in space.

We cannot even tell what force may be acting on us; we can only tell the difference of the force acting on one thing and that acting on another.

In this idea of space the distance between one thing and the other does not depend on any material thing between them, as Descartes seems to assert when he says that if everything was taken out of a hollow vessel, the sides, having nothing between them, would be in contact.

The nature of matter, he says, does not consist in a thing being hard, or heavy, or coloured, but only in being extended in length, breadth, and depth.

By thus confounding the properties of matter and space, he arrives at the logical conclusion that if the matter within a vessel could be removed entirely, the space within the vessel would no longer exist. Descartes assumes in fact that all space must always be full of matter.

Maxwell's advice then to those who study any system of metaphysics is to examine carefully that part of it dealing with physical ideas.

As there is nothing to distinguish one part of space from another except its relation to the place of material bodies, so there is nothing to distinguish one portion of time from another except the different events that occur in them, and so we arrive at the idea of Time in its most primitive form as the recognition of an order of sequence in our states of consciousness.

S. Galt relates in his *Memoirs* a youthful recollection of waking up in the passenger barge and calling out "Look at the tress marching past." His mother was for punishing him for so foolish a remark, but luckily a philosopher fellow traveller came to his defence. But when the boy plucked up courage to generalise, "Perhaps then it is we who are turning round from west to east," the mother burst into tears, to think she had brought such a fool into the world, whereas the boy showed early promise of the careful thinker.

We are indebted to Voltaire for the story of Newton and the apple, as he had it from Newton's niece, given in his "Eléments de la Philosophie de Newton," 1738, a work which did more to popularise the ideas in France than the actual "Principia." So I was surprised to hear Poincaré class the story among the fables in his address to the Mathematical Congress at Rome, and waited for an opportunity to correct him. Poincaré seemed puzzled. "Newton, et la nièce de Newton, et Volterra? Non, je ne vous comprend pas." When I said Volterra, he thought I said Volterra, the President of the Congress. The two names sound exactly alike, and it indicates they are probably the same.

Newton had subjected the observations of Kepler to a dynamical discussion on the obvious law of gravitation on the inverse square of the distance, testing it first on the moon, and found that an elegant geometrical treatment could be erected on their foundation capable of explaining the relative motion in the Problem of Two Bodies, as of the Sun and the Earth, or a planet.

Extending the theory to the problem of three bodies, in the form most familiar to us of the irregular motion of the moon, he found he could account for variation and evection of the Alexandrian astronomers without introducing any further assumption than his original law of universal gravitation.

The mathematicians of the eighteenth century were fully occupied in the development of the Newtonian method, and with surprising success; as even when Clairaut found he could not account for more than half the apsidal motion of the moon's orbit, and was becoming sceptical, he discovered that a term neglected in his calculation was of equal importance with those retained; and so his first doubt only turned to a more devoted belief. Culminating in the school of Laplace, the system of the world was to be reduced ultimately to the mathematical attributes of the attraction between two gravitating particles.

In the corresponding case of the anomalous motion of the apse line of Mercury, it has been expected confidently that some similar explanation would be sure to turn up soon and the Newtonian philosophy could await it without impatience.

But here Einstein steps in and declares that his relativity doctrine can account for the full amount, as well as for the doubled deflection of a ray of light grazing the sun.

Steaming round a lightship at night, keeping the light always abreast, and unaware of the tide, the light will be circled in true planetary style; so, too, in crossing the road in front of a tram going at uniform speed.

We may imagine a planet to move round the sun in the same way, and that Mercury mends his pace when he finds himself coming too near, going seemingly in fear of the sun, and so give a popular version of the effect of relativity. And what has relativity to say about comets?

Astronomy teaches us how to disentangle the complication of the relative motion of the celestial bodies. In the Ptolemaic astronomy the earth is the centre of the universe, fixed in space, with sun, moon, and stars revolving round it; although it was allowed to be simpler to suppose the earth to revolve, to account for the diurnal motion of the fixed stars.

Copernicus recommended the astronomer to take his stand on the sun as the centre, and the complication of the "cycle on epicycle, orb upon orb" of the Ptolemaic system studied by Milton became simplified into planetary orbits practically circular described round the sun as centre. No wonder that King Alfonso the wise, brought up on the Ptolemaic system, is reported to have declared he could have devised a better system, if he had been consulted in the creation.

Kepler could then follow Copernicus and detect a decided elliptic motion in Mars round the sun in a focus, and enunciate his three laws, on which Newton's theory was based, as expressed in his "Principia."

But Relativity declares, as delivered in *Matter and Motion*, that once the tangle has been unravelled it is immaterial what centre is taken for the universe, and every man is at liberty to choose his own centre, in himself, as his observatory on the earth.

In the pre-telescope days, even after the Copernican theory had been recognised and approved by dogmatic sanction, an immense mass still remained of conjectural science of extra-terrestrial space, developed by mediaeval and Greek philosophers on the argument by analogy unchecked by experiment, based

on a parochial outlook—the only one possible to man imprisoned on the surface of this insignificant planet.

But the first night Galileo turned his little telescope on Jupiter he observed three or four bright stars close by, invisible to the naked eye, and these had moved the next night. He was afraid to call them the moons of Jupiter, as one of the sacred traditions held that the earth was unique in having a moon; so Galileo hedged for safety by calling them the Medicane stars, in honour of his patrons.

Venus was seen for the first time by human eye as a crescent in phases like the moon, hitherto inappreciable and unsuspected; as for Saturn he could make nothing of his extraordinary appearance.

The Pleiads, once seven, now six only in the old legend, were resolved into a dozen stars at least, as anyone can see for himself with an opera glass.

And when the relatively small weight of Jupiter was taken into account compared with his enormous apparent size, he was led to the conclusion that all we see of him is an atmosphere of steam, enclosing a solid nucleus too hot to hold the water on its surface. So Jupiter has not yet arrived at his first day of creation and must wait some more millions of years before the surface of the nucleus has cooled down enough for the water to stay on it, and life to begin as we understand it.

All this with a little telescope Galileo had made for himself from hearsay of a similar instrument reported from Holland. So in the new scheme of the encouragement of research in elementary instruction, a start should be made by setting the young enthusiast to work to re-invent some old idea, say the telescope, providing him with some lenses, cardboard tubes and soft wax.

The system of dynamics, developed from our limited physical experience of space on the surface of the earth, have provided surprisingly accurate methods for the explanation of the motion of the solar system, and some shock is felt when this new Einstein relativity principle is introduced to shake our confidence.

We are reassured that no perceptible difference will be made so far as our senses and experience are concerned; there will be no practical need to scrap all our clocks and watches or imperial standards of length and weight, or to re-write all our mathematical treatises.

But to the careful metaphysical mind this little difference is his sole interest; hence the extraordinary vogue to-day of the discussion everywhere, as the subject is still in the genial stage where hard and fast agreement has not yet been reached. And it has still to be proved whether all our ancient creed of science, as acquired on this limited surface of the earth, is to be upset; we may turn for comfort to Poincaré and his "Science

et Hypothèse." Here the question arises: What first suggested these theories of a new universe different from the one we have been accustomed to think of as the only one possible? Attention was first directed to them by the unexpected behaviour of light. It has been admitted already that an observer participating in a motion of uniform translation cannot decide by mechanical experience whether he is in movement or at rest.

We should never know whether we were being carried by the earth in a motion of translation and should never be able to detect it except from indirect appearances.

In classical mechanics the relativity principle is at fault when applied to optics. Light requires an ether, and electricity too, and as the velocity of each is found to be equal, the same ether is made to serve for both. But when we try to detect the ether experimentally we are baffled.

According to the principles of mechanics, the ether should obey the laws of the composition of velocities; but the Michelson-Morley experiments prove that it does nothing of the sort, and the reason is a mystery. But Einstein introduces the assumption that the velocity of light is an absolute constant, and he enunciates the principle of relativity in the form—an observer taking part in a motion of uniform translation cannot decide by experiment, either mechanical or optical, whether he is at rest or in movement.

The strict doctrine of the mass of classical mechanics, so rigorous in terrestrial dynamics, has to submit to modification in the newer tenets of space and time. Mass has become a function of the velocity, and both increase together.

It is the defect of language based on the sensations of our life in three dimensions in failing to express the new ideas except in terms of its own sensations when called on to express the new ideas and to describe four dimensional space, when time is added to the list.

Cayley little thought he would be taken seriously when he indulged in his quibble of space of many dimensions, when all he meant was how his algebraical jugglings with the alphabetical arrangements of the three letters for three dimensional space were valid for any greater number of letters in his universal algebra.

"Flatland," on the other hand, was a book written in the interest of a fall into two dimensions only, and here the difficulty was amusing in the attempt at description in three dimensional language.

So, too, in these new spatial theories, where we have to describe space as warped or twisted if we travel far enough through it, we are trying to explain the mystery in words of three dimensions.

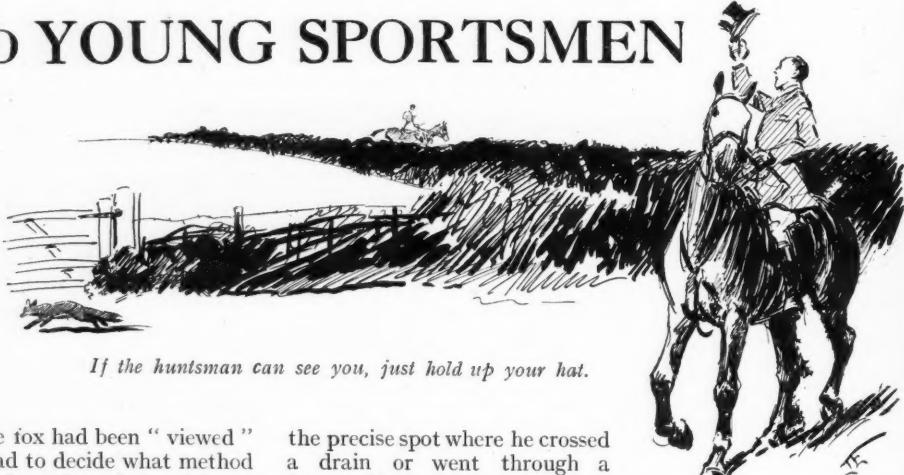
## LETTERS TO YOUNG SPORTSMEN

### ON HUNTING.

#### III.

BY

LIEUT.-COL. J. MACKILLOP.



*If the huntsman can see you, just hold up your hat.*

WHEN last we parted the fox had been "viewed" away and each of us had to decide what method he meant to adopt to keep hounds in sight or see as much of the sport as he could. Before tackling these important matters a word is perhaps as well as to what you should do if, by chance, you see a fox "break" covert and no one else is with you. If you are anywhere alongside the covert, keep close to it, not wide out in the adjoining field. The chief idea is to let the fox get well away before you move or utter a sound. If the huntsman can see you, just hold up your hat; he will come soon enough, that is if hounds are not busy with another fox in covert. If the huntsman cannot see you, wait till the fox is a good way off and then "holloa." If you do it too soon the fox may double back, and that is a calamity, because the first fox away is usually the best, as he thus shows some dash, and probably knows where he is bound for and will go there straight. Straightness is an essential to all good runs; unenterprising, short-running foxes are a nuisance. I know a good sportsman who says he always tries to say the alphabet to himself before he "holloa" when he has viewed a fox away, but so keen and full of excitement is he that he has never reached S yet. After you have "holloaed" watch the fox as far as you can see him, note

the precise spot where he crossed a drain or went through a fence. If the huntsman comes to your "holloa" and hounds do not "settle" at once, he will want to know exactly where you saw him last. If you try to explain and are not quite clear, mistakes will occur, just as they did in the old musketry school days, when we tried to fix a spot in the "indication and recognition" practice. You may know just where the fox went but not be able to point it out in a moment of excitement so that the huntsman will understand exactly. If the fox is lost during a hunt it is dangerous to "holloa" if you see one, because, unless you have considerable knowledge of the game, it is difficult to recognise the hunted fox, and you may put the pack on a fresh one, which is most annoying when the hunted fox may be threading fences and running short, as foxes do when sinking. Though I counselled you to keep forward in the cavalcade when hounds were drawing, once the fox breaks covert you, being well up to the front, sit still and quiet till hounds have really settled on his line. Another time to stand still is when hounds check or hover when running a fox.

Now about the three methods of seeing the sport which were mentioned in concluding our last letter. Road riding

is inglorious and soon dismissed. I think, half a mile behind, or half a hundred, is worth all the road riding there ever was. Still, there are many good sportsmen who command our respect, though possibly not our admiration, who never leave friend Macadam's rather inglorious security. They know all about hunting, the pedigree of the individual hounds, the line of half the foxes in the country. But my letters are to "young sportsmen," and the road is no place for them—at any rate for the next forty years. Not that old gentlemen are always found there, by any means. I once saw in Ireland a wiry little man on a young, high-couraged, blood horse, slipping him along with the best. He was close on eighty years of age! The road is the place for nurses with children in tub-carts, fat people on ponies, and second horsemen—which latter should be there a good deal more than they are. Now for the class which follow hounds wherever they go, but some distance behind, and with this class perhaps you will find yourself at first, so get to know them. They are acquainted with the likely run of foxes, the fords in all the streams, the easiest place in half the fences in the country, all the gates and every path for miles. On bad scenting days and with ringing foxes they see all there is to see, and sometimes more than some of the "thrusters." If you want the best description of a hunt they can always give it you. They jump all the places, or most of them, which are jumped by the forward brigade, or rather section, because the company in the very front is surprisingly select, even in the biggest of fields. This division will tackle a very awkward obstacle rather than be put out of the hunt, so do not imagine you will be on the flat if you stick to them. They are the real backbone of every hunt, good sportsmen all, really fond of hunting for hunting's sake, revelling in hound work, and viewing with keenly critical and knowledgeable eye every cast the huntsman makes. Full of enjoyment of the chase, they pretend to no great things, are not the least jealous, and lend a helping hand to all in distress. There are one or two axioms to keep in mind when you ride in the second flight. Do not take anyone else's place at a gate,



*Do not take anyone's place at a gap.*

gap or easy place in a fence; it is not sporting. Wait your turn. Never jump a fence close behind anyone else; see them clear away on the other side before you jump. Often your horse is impetuous with being kept back and will rush in and follow another horse quite close. You cannot, perhaps, stop him at short notice and may jump on the man in front if his horse happens to fall. If anyone gets off to open a refractory gate (and, by the way, get off and open a fair share yourself), let him get on his horse again before you move away an inch. If you move off even slowly his horse will follow yours, and he will be hopping along with one foot in the stirrup and the other perhaps ankle deep in mud. If you can catch a riderless horse and take him back to his owner, do so; it is a Christian act, and you will appreciate the kindness after running half a mile in top boots across a ploughed field like a gigantic rice pudding.

Next we come to the van, the first flight. Anyone can be with them; there are no reserved seats; but this taking a line of your own is a more difficult thing to excel in than almost

anything in the wide realm of sport. It can be no more taught than writing a novel can be. It either is or is not in a man. It looks so easy, sweeping along, never in a hurry, keeping up with hounds however fast they run, without apparent effort, always jumping the fence exactly in the right place, just where the take-off is best and where the landing is safest. If hounds bend they always seem to turn towards rather than away from this fine exponent of the game. Even has he time to unlatch and swing back many a gate. Hounds come out of every covert on the side which he has chosen. All seems so simple. It is not always the good horsemen who have this gift. Many fine horsemen have not got it, nor ever will have. If a man has it and happens to be a fine horseman he is undefeatable. I shall always remember a very little man and very fat, who had this intuitive gift in a marked degree, who, provided he did not fall off, was hard to beat. If he did fall off, no power on earth would put him up again, unless he could climb on some object as high as the saddle. I never saw him ride at an impracticable place at a fence, and I knew when hounds turned they would turn to him. He chose his ground and, in spite of his weight, got, in the very first flight, to the end of many big runs. But as his legs were very short and his "deck hamper" enormous, coupled with the fact that he rode big, powerful blood horses, he was often jumped clean off, and a "peck" unshipped him like an orange. I recommended him to put a strap through each of the breastplate D's and across the pommel of the saddle; this he gripped as the horse neared the fence, and it saved him scores of falls. I do not advise gripping anything, because if you suddenly let go a horse's head he is as likely to refuse as not; but his horses were so perfect they never knew what refusing was. Still, he had an almost uncanny gift of riding to hounds. Many men will ride behind those who actually cut out the work, jumping every fence and going where they go, full of courage and determined to see the fox killed, but who, if hounds were running across Hyde Park, would, if alone, lose themselves in doubt as to through which arch they should go at Hyde Park Corner. I know steeplechase jockeys, men who have ridden in half a dozen "Nationals," who could not stay with hounds half a dozen fields if they ran fast and no pilot was handy. I never knew a pudding-headed man who was a first-flight. A good man to hounds is quick-witted and observant, decisive and self-reliant.

Remember—and it is a comforting thought withal—that a good horse, if fresh, can jump anything you dare or should put him at. A tired horse is a dangerous conveyance, of course, but you will soon know when he has had enough. Three feet six of timber, strong creosoted rails, absolutely unbreakable and unyielding, looks a formidable obstacle, but almost any horse or pony could hop over it. Open water or a clean-cut drain 12ft. wide appears, in cold blood, a positive arm of the sea; still, every stride of a blood horse at a gallop on the flat covers nearly twice as much. A high, hairy fence, with goodness knows what on the other



*You will appreciate the kindness after running half a mile in top boots.*

side, looks forbidding enough, but the combined weight of man and horse, say 1,400lb., has a good deal of smashing power, and the drain beyond is not likely to further any agricultural requirement by being at the outside more than 4ft. wide. The horse, if sailing on, would clear half as much again in his stride. A wall is seldom more than 3ft. 9ins. high, but if mortared on the top what a serious proposition it is; but the "take-off" is always good and landing sound. Walls are the safest jumps of all. No one would or could build a wall on boggy ground, nor alongside a drain. All the above obstacles to our progress are within the powers of any moderately good horse, provided always that the "take off" is good. Out of deep plough, up-hill, any horse can fall over a brush fence; while taking off from a muddy hedge bottom, poached by cattle and ill defined, the best horse may make a mistake. A pumped-out horse may fall over anything. You must and will have falls; a few do no harm, to show you how easy they are; but what we are out for is to get over the country without falls. I have hunted for thirty years, always four days a week, sometimes five and occasionally six, in England and Ireland. With much gratitude and wood-touching, I fail to remember but one fall

which kept me out of the saddle. The fall that did me in for some time was from a horse slipping up whilst galloping on a road. And I never yet broke a bone. It's all luck. I have gone half a season and never had a fall, and have had three "bursters" in a morning. As regards the art of falling, there are two text-book rules: "Never part company with your horse till the last moment, and never leave go of the reins." I agree with the latter, though it's not so easy, but I disagree with the former. When falling, if you stick like glue to a horse till the last moment, he is as likely as not to pin your leg under him, and in the effort to get up kicks you or rolls on you. He won't do it knowingly. If you think he may fall, but are not certain, sit still by all means if you can, because if you lurch forward your extra weight suddenly applied will put him off his balance when he might otherwise save himself. But if it is plain he is going to fall, roll clear. In ordinary falls I think horses seem to fall on the left side; then you shoot on to your left shoulder, roll over and get up before the horse. This is the commonest and easiest fall of the lot. Where to ride at fences, the pace required for different varieties of obstacles, the use of ground, and other tips I hope to inflict you with on another occasion.



*A tired horse is a dangerous conveyance.*

## THOMAS HARDY'S PLACE IN LITERATURE

"HOW shall I my true love know from another one?" If Ophelia had asked this about "my true poet" she would have put a query indeed. The appearance of Thomas Hardy's collected poems in Macmillan's green-backed series raises the question whether or not we are to consider him the Simon Pure. Promptly and glibly the cultured critic returns an affirmative which seems to settle the matter, till we recall the stock words and phrases, threadbare arguments and borrowed *clichés* with which the verdict is supported. The devil's advocate never has a chance. Judgment is based solely on evidence for the plaintiff.

In the house of poetry are many mansions, but it is incredible that Thomas Hardy should dwell side by side with the Poet Laureate or W. B. Yeats, for these, differing in much, agree to regard inversion as a deadly sin either in verse or prose. Here are two lines to drive either or both insane:

A stolid line, whom no high aims will fire  
As has fired ours could ever have mingled we.

As a climber on a desperate steep will seize a rock or a tree root, a bracken bush or a clump of heather if it only will assist his progress, so Hardy stickles not at perversion, inversion, transversion or any other version that will serve his turn. He is not to be numbered, therefore, among the tribe of those who place high importance on verbal technique and reckon it as a sin against the Holy Ghost to reverse the natural position of the noun and its verb. And this is but a single example of his disregard of the maxims of the Art-for-art's-sake people. His technique aims at saying exactly

what he wants to say. Never more and never less. He avoids what is usually known as poetic diction. And this is very unlike the custom of the other bards of his time. Some, indeed, like Mr. Masefield in his worst moments, adopt and enrich with epithet language such as is employed by an infuriated taxi-cabman when a timid lady offers only double the usual fare. Others gather adjectives and phrases from an older race of poets and make themselves grand in borrowed plumes, as if the printed page were to them a fancy dress ball. A few are content with a high-toned Sunday afternoon language gleaned from reading the standard writers. Only a very, very few write in their own natural dialect. Hence comes a difficulty in separating the true poet from the versifier who has only caught an echo of the language of someone else.

Mr. Hardy is not at all fastidious in his choice of words. He takes them, not for their sound, but for their meaning. No one can imagine artists like Tennyson or Keats, in any conceivable circumstance, using in verse such a barbaric word as "deicide," meaning slayer of God. Abstruse, uncouth and dialectical words, gleaned from scientific study, wide reading, the talk of the Dorset labourer, are used in a way that often makes havoc of the melody we expect in verse. The reverse of the medal is that of his Shakespearean power of investing an ugly word with singular beauty. For example—

What if still in chasmal beauty looms that wild weird western shore,  
The woman now is—elsewhere—whom the ambling pony bore,  
And nor knows nor cares for Beeny, and will laugh there nevermore.

What a bullock of a word "chasmal" would be on other lips. Yet here genius fills it with beauty.

Again, take that lilting description of the beggar folk tramping over the moor. Every word is simple, yet the effect full of movement.

Full twenty miles we jaunted on,  
We jaunted on,—  
My fancy-man, and jeering John,  
And Mother Lee, and I.  
And, as the sun drew down to west,  
We climbed the toilsome Poldon crest,  
And saw, of landskip sights the best,  
The inn that beamed thereby.

But most of all it is in his theory of the universe that Hardy differs from nearly every other poet. It is a sad, mad and bad theory, absolutely hopeless to the individual and that means hopeless in every sense. As far as we can gather the idea in his mind is that some primitive, unembodied force set the world in motion and that if there is a supreme intelligence, it is more concerned with the Milky Way and the star-strewn meadows of infinite space, than with the little insects called men and women which pass for a moment through light and end in darkness. A hopeless and a depressing explanation. All this and more would be said by the *avocatus diaboli*. There is no contending against a word of it. And yet the conclusion must be that Hardy is a great poet, very nearly one of the greatest this country has produced. To follow our argument backward a man's theory or creed makes no difference to his poetry. The common sense of mankind

recognises that it is only at the best a guess. In the early days of any creed its tenets are taken literally. The savage believes in his evil spirit; the early Christian in a glorious and beautiful heaven; the founder of the Jesuits commanded his followers in their hours of meditation to fix their eye on hell and imagine, not only its horrors, but even its dimensions and appearance so that the idea of an actually big fire burning with sulphur and an actual devil became real to them. But we find that poetry, which often is but the expression of human doubt and imaginings, takes no account of the precise belief of the singers. The beauty of Homer suffers nothing from the poet's disbelief in any happiness awaiting the dead. The sweetest Roman singer looked upon the future as perpetual night and unawaking sleep. Shakespeare never gives an absolute and defined statement of his creed. The appeal of Milton and George Herbert is based on religious considerations and yet the poetry is not dependent on that any more than it was dependent on the faith or lack of it in Catullus. What makes Hardy a poet is that he is a voice and not an echo. Looking upon the world with wide and clear-eyed sympathy, with perfect understanding and rendering what he knows of it with the most perfect sincerity. And in the greater sense of the word he is an artist. Nobody in his generation has written a stronger and finer valediction than that which ends this collection of his poems and no one has invented more dramatic situations than are to be found in his poems or sung them with more delicate and finished art.

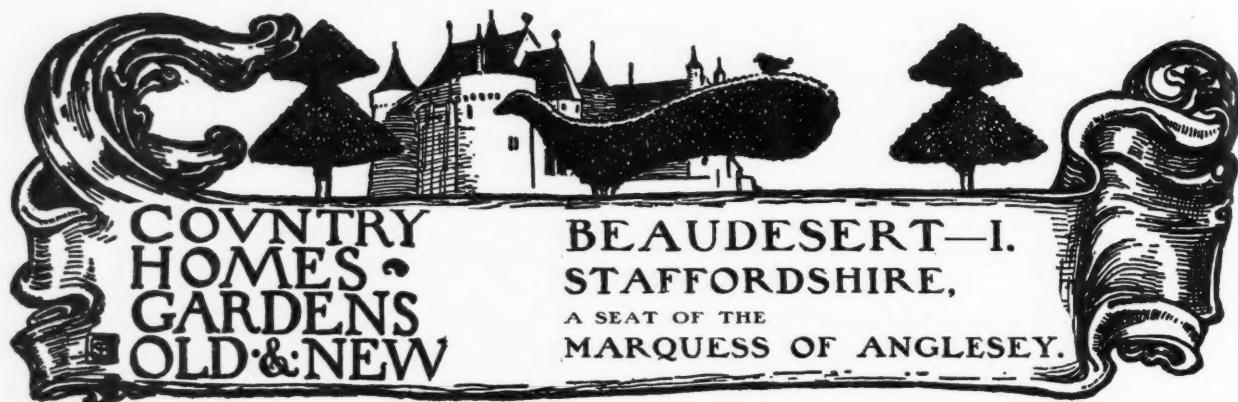
## FRANCE AND SCOTLAND

**A**MID the din of politics the rectorial address of M. Poincaré has not received the attention it deserves. Glasgow has had the honour of having many an illustrious Lord Rector, and it would not be true to say that the French President delivered an unparalleled address. On the contrary, he was modest both in his subject and its treatment, confining himself, as a great man generally does, to what he knew, about Scotland and the Scotch. The only handicap under which he laboured was that of not speaking the language of his audience. He excused himself with charming candour on the ground that during youth, the natural time for study, his nose had been kept too continually to the grindstone. In other words, M. Poincaré had to make his own way in the world and no time was left him for the acquisition of foreign languages. Even during the war he had picked up only a few words and, therefore, was compelled to speak in French. But this made him admire all the more the very determined efforts that are being made in Glasgow to induce young men to learn French as if it were a mother tongue. He instanced the Thistle Club as a case in point. This institution has been formed for the purpose of cultivating the knowledge of the French tongue. No other language is allowed at its proceedings. Several Frenchmen are members, and thus a masterly use of French idiom is being drilled into the young Scot. Few things could be imagined more likely to serve both his interest and his pleasure. Very few officers and men who went through even a part of the western campaign failed to appreciate what an advantage it would have been if they had had a practical and idiomatic knowledge of the French language. M. Poincaré is just as anxious that the young Frenchman should learn to speak English, so as to enlarge the understanding between the Allies and enable each country to learn at first hand the thoughts and developments which are affecting the other.

Lord Rector Poincaré dwelt, as he well might, on the "auld alliance" between France and Scotland. "Who would win France must gain Scotland first" was told us by Shakespeare, and the history of the wars between England and Scotland shows that the quarrel almost invariably had a French origin. During the Edwardian period our northern friends tried to succour the French while Edward I and Edward III were waging a Continental war. The attempt of the weak Edward II to carry on the work of his stalwart father failed ignobly at Bannockburn, and the old quarrel broke out again when Edward III came into power. It was primarily the wish to strike for France that led James IV into the glorious and tragic adventure which ended at Flodden. These are only a few outstanding features of a condition of things that was chronic. In the language spoken by the Scot of to-day we find many proofs and traces of the intercourse with France. It extended, indeed, to a participation in epicurean tastes. It is not necessary to read Sir Walter

Scott to know that for centuries French claret, fortified with French brandy, was the drink of the Scottish gentry. The bottles with a yellow seal produced for an honoured guest were usually claret. M. Poincaré knew all that because the favourite dissipation of his childhood was to read Sir Walter Scott in translation. From those pages he learned not only history, but the scenery and customs of Scotland. Yet all this was but the outside of the delivery. What was really interesting was to find that the French President was closely familiar with the gallant acts performed by the Scottish regiments in the war. There were three divisions formed entirely of Scottish troops—the 9th, the 15th and the 31st—and a fine record they have. The 9th was on the Somme in 1916, then in Flanders in 1917, once near the Somme and once in Flanders in 1918. The 15th fought gallantly at Loos, on the Somme, Flanders, Picardy, and the 1918 battle of the Marne. The 31st lost 1,500 men at Festubert, 8,500 men on the Somme in 1916, 2,500 men on the Ancre, 3,000 men in 1917 at Roeux. All these items form only a part, and not altogether the most glorious part, of their record. M. Poincaré dwelt on the fact that the gallantry of their forefathers, even the style of fighting, was maintained in the late war. The Scot of the twentieth century not only fought with the same impetuosity and gallantry, but with the same yell as his ancestors in the Middle Ages. He referred gracefully also to the Scottish Archers and other choice bodies of troops chosen for distinguished service. The youngest son of many a noble house, when things were not looking too well at home, worked his way to the Continent, like Quentin Durward, and made his own career out of the service of a French king or leader.

From a literary point of view, the most interesting feature of the article is the discovery that one of the most eminent, if not the most eminent, men in France at the present moment in childhood saturated his mind with the novels of Sir Walter Scott. In this country it is sometimes hinted that the Wizard has lost his power; but enlightened foreign opinion, which is said to be identical with that of posterity, rejects this proposition as absurd. Few Scotsmen of to-day know what their country owes to Sir Walter. In his early days it was a very poor land, scarcely affording sustenance to its comparatively small number of inhabitants. The sense of kinship was very great, and the forty-second cousin, or the head of a clan, by his bearing, gave currency to a saying common in France in the Middle Ages—"proud as a Scot." The reason was that, though he would fight for another country, he did so not from a mercenary spirit, but because of the *angustæ res domi*, the poverty at home, and he never forgot that he owed something to the blood of his ancestors. That he, in numberless cases, forged a way to leadership in a foreign country, leadership in the arts of peace as well as those of war has become proverbial.



VERY extensive renovations have of late years been accomplished at Beaudesert. It had suffered excessively from an outburst of neo-Gothicism a hundred years ago, and the object was to give back to it, in very large measure, but with some later features and much modern convenience, the character it had possessed towards the close of Elizabeth's reign.

The "park of Beaudesert" occupies a considerable portion of the wild and beautiful Cannock Chase, of which the mineral wealth has proved ever increasingly an enemy to its picturesque beauty. The Chase and various manors and parishes that adjoined it were episcopal property in mediæval times, but were desired by Henry VIII for one of his Ministers. The seizure of the monastic lands had whetted the appetite of the King and his entourage for acquisition, but was quite unequal to satiating it. So the bishops had next to suffer, and sufficient pressure was easily put upon them to yield up many of the choicest estates of their sees in exchange for property of small value. Thus it was, in return for impropriations valued at one hundred and eighty-three pounds per annum, that Bishop Sampson of Lichfield and Coventry surrendered this vast Staffordshire domain to Henry VIII in September, 1546, in order that he might grant it the following month to Sir William Paget. His father held the office of Sergeant-at-Mace to the City of London. He sent his boy to Trinity Hall, Cambridge, and then attached him to the household of Bishop Gardiner at a time when that prelate was prominent in the counsels of the King. Thence the young man entered the Royal service and rose to be secretary in 1543. After that Henry VIII relied greatly

on him as a sound adviser and made him one of his executors. Under Somerset's protectorate he became Lord Paget of Beaudesert. Somerset's fall, however, threatened him with ruin, and we find him in prison in 1551. But with the accession of Mary fortune smiled on him once more, and he became Lord Privy Seal, a post he relinquished when Elizabeth became Queen. For a few years he lived a retired life and died in 1563. He had fully understood how to take advantage of his opportunities at a moment when Royal officials knew nothing of self-denying ordinances. The important Abbey of Burton, as well as the great Cannock estate, fell to his share, and thus, from small beginnings, he became one of Staffordshire's most important landowners—a position which his descendants still hold. His eldest son outlived him only for six years and was then succeeded by his brother Thomas, who was the builder of Beaudesert. The bishops had had a house here of some importance where they not infrequently resided, and from their time dates most of the fabric of the present great hall. No doubt it then had windows on both sides and none at the end, but a reconstruction of the plan of the bishops' domicile is rendered impossible by the extensive alterations and additions made by the third Lord Paget, whose chief building, however, lay eastward of the hall, and consisted of the great east front as we still have it (Fig. 1), except that the porch was altered and the forecourt torn away soon after the male line of Paget became extinct in the eighteenth century. Erdeswick began his "Survey of Staffordshire" in 1593, and there we read that Beaudesert had been "of late enlarged and new re-edified by the late lord Pagett." Thomas Lord Paget, as being a Roman Catholic suspected of favouring the plots that were



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1.—THE EAST FRONT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

to place Mary Queen of Scots upon the English throne, was restrained of his liberty for fourteen weeks in 1580. Next we find him making himself objectionable to the Bishop of Lichfield on various points relative to their religious divergence, and, finally, on the detection of the Throgmorton conspiracy in 1583, he fled abroad, where he died in 1590, his estates having been forfeited on his attainder three years earlier.

At Beaudesert are preserved many bundles of his accounts, dating mainly between the years 1569 and 1574. Among

of paper and headed "For the buildinge at Beaudesert." It consists mostly of wages paid to men mentioned by name and not by trade, but there are items for tiling, plastering and plumbing, for the getting of loads of stone and for squaring and carrying timber. Brick was the material principally used by Thomas Lord Paget for his new fabric, but there is no mention of the making, bringing or setting of bricks in this account. It does not seem, however, to cover much more than the two months of May and June of a



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2.—THE PORCH.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

them we find references to the work going on at Beaudesert, although they are more scrappy than those relating to building operations being carried out at Burton. The same glazier, however, is employed at both places new-glazing windows and repairing what is there already, as we know by such an item as "putting up off twentie four foot of old glasse at Beaudesert." At that place general repairs are in hand as early as 1569 and then we come upon a more detailed account covering seven pages of long, narrow sheets

year not mentioned, but evidently rather later than 1569. It concludes with numerous items relative to the doing up of the brewhouse and the brewing of beer therein. That was a very active domestic industry. Accounts both numerous and lengthy dealing with the matter at Lord Paget's various houses are to be found in the collection, as, for instance, "ffor ii brewings of bears agaynst my lordes cominge to Beaudesert."

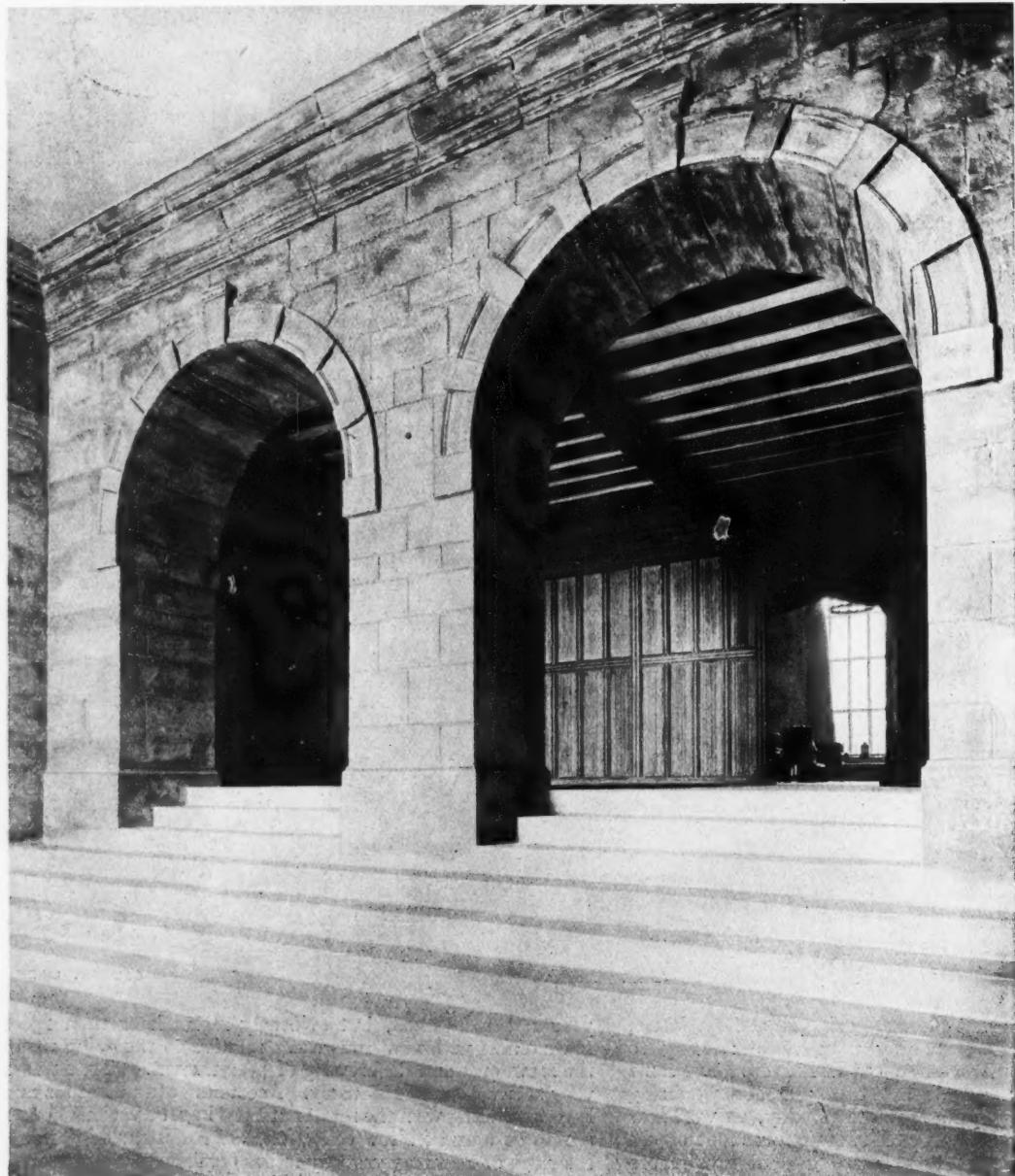
Perhaps it was the furnishing of the new rooms that gave rise, in 1573, to an account for "2 $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. of Silke fringe



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3.—GUARD ROOM, FORMERLY HOUSEKEEPER'S ROOM.  
*In the hall basement by the entrance door.*

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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4.—THE VESTIBULE.  
*Steps and arches from entrance door to hall screens.*

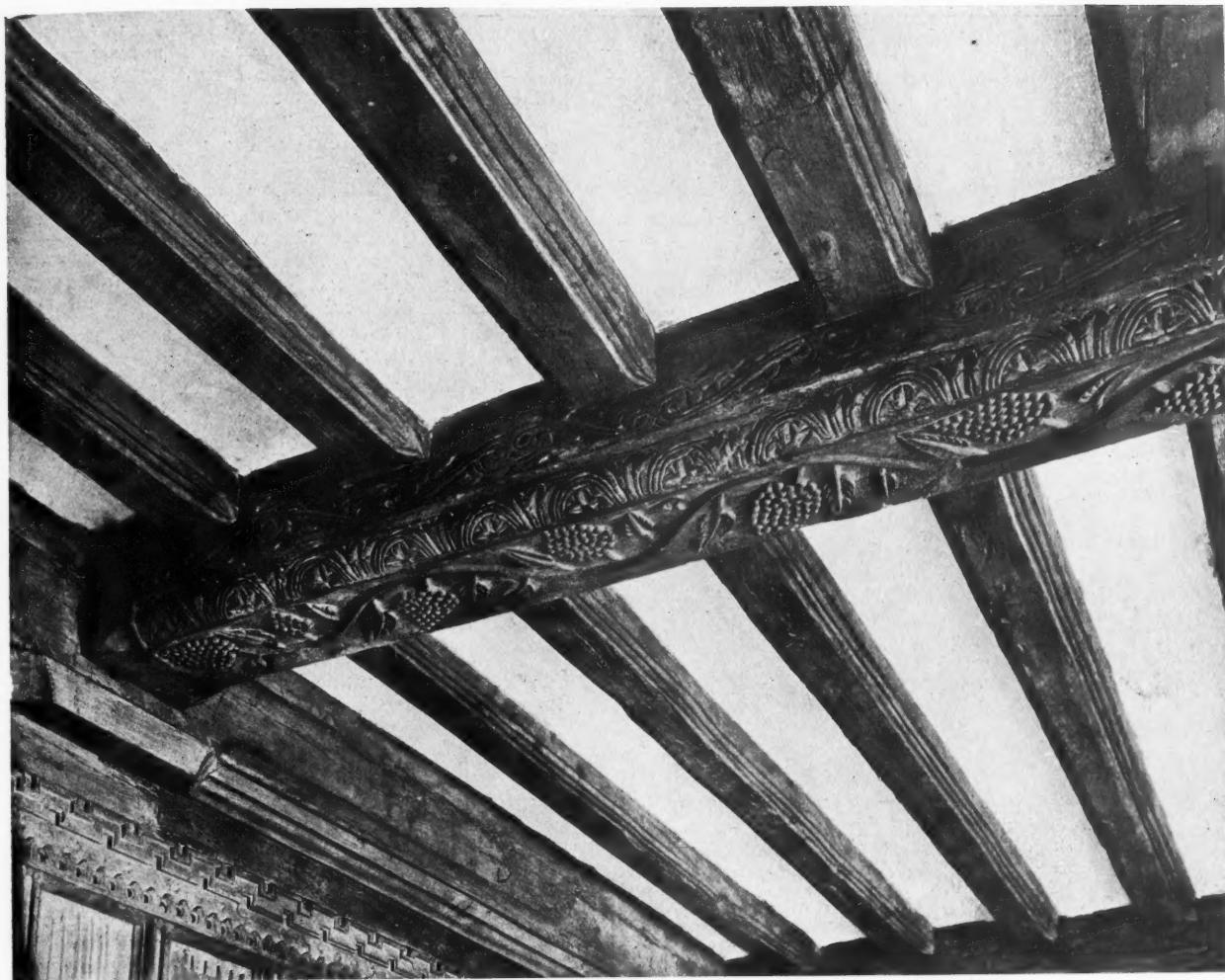
"COUNTRY LIFE."

at 20s. per lb." We also find Giulio Borgaracci receiving payment for "a pece of velvett coteyning 29 yarde and a  $\frac{1}{2}$  at xviii<sup>th</sup> and vi<sup>d</sup> the yarde." Very likely, however, these goods were destined for my lord's and lady's wardrobe, to which, certainly, many of the bills refer, and throw much light upon the character of the clothing of Elizabeth's courtiers. In 1571 my lord and lady each have "ii prs of pantofles" at 1s. 6d. the pair, and my lord also has "a pr of slippers of Spanysh lether" at 2s. 6d. For his doublet he has "silke, buttons, taffata," as well as "3 yeads fustyan at x<sup>d</sup> a yeard." Furs were used by night as well as by day, for Elizabethan houses were cold and draughty in winter. "For furring of your nyght gowne" is, therefore, a usual entry, but the day dress calls for such sumptuous treatment as

for furring of your gowne with Spanysh fox baks the workmanshipe vis. viiiid. vii dosyn iii fox baks to the same gowne vii. xs. ood.

There are interesting accounts for the expenses of my lord's journeyings from London to Staffordshire and elsewhere, and also for household expenses in London, wherein, among such ordinary items as joints of mutton and lamb, butter and candles, we meet with what was perhaps then considered a dainty, "blackbyrds. 6. xiid."

Before long flight abroad put an end to the third Lord Paget's English accounts, for his



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5.—OLD OAK BEAM SUPPORTING THE HALL GALLERY.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

estates were forfeited. Nor did his son's Protestantism lead to their recovery so long as Elizabeth reigned. With the accession of James, however, came his restoration in blood and the return of most of the family property, including the great Cannock Estate. It was, however, treated rather as a source of income—its coals and its iron "milles and forges" brought in profits as well as its agricultural lands—than as a place of residence, and, except for a certain amount done about the beginning of the eighteenth century, decay was probably the most noticeable change that took place at Beaudesert until the extinction of the male line of Henry VIII's Secretary of State. The fifth Baron Paget, as a Royalist, had to compound for re-entry upon his sequestered estates under the Commonwealth. The sixth Baron was a Whig, and held diplomatic posts under William III. His grandson was created Earl of Uxbridge—the favourite seat of the family being not in Staffordshire, but at Drayton in Middlesex. That title expired in 1769 with his grandson, whose nearest relation was a distant cousin. The diplomatist lord had had a younger son, whose granddaughter married Sir Nicholas Bayley of Plas Newydd in Anglesey. It was their son, Sir Henry Bayley, who, in 1769, succeeded to the Paget barony and estates, and in

whose favour the Uxbridge earldom was revived in 1784. He not only rebuilt Plas Newydd, but at Beaudesert did much work of a type which we have learned to deplore. In 1798 Shaw published the first and only volume ever completed of his "History of Staffordshire," and he speaks of the way



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6.—THE "SCREENS" OR SPACE UNDER HALL GALLERIES.

"C.L."



7.—ORIGINAL TIMBER-FRAMED PASSAGE LEADING TO THE BILLIARD ROOM.



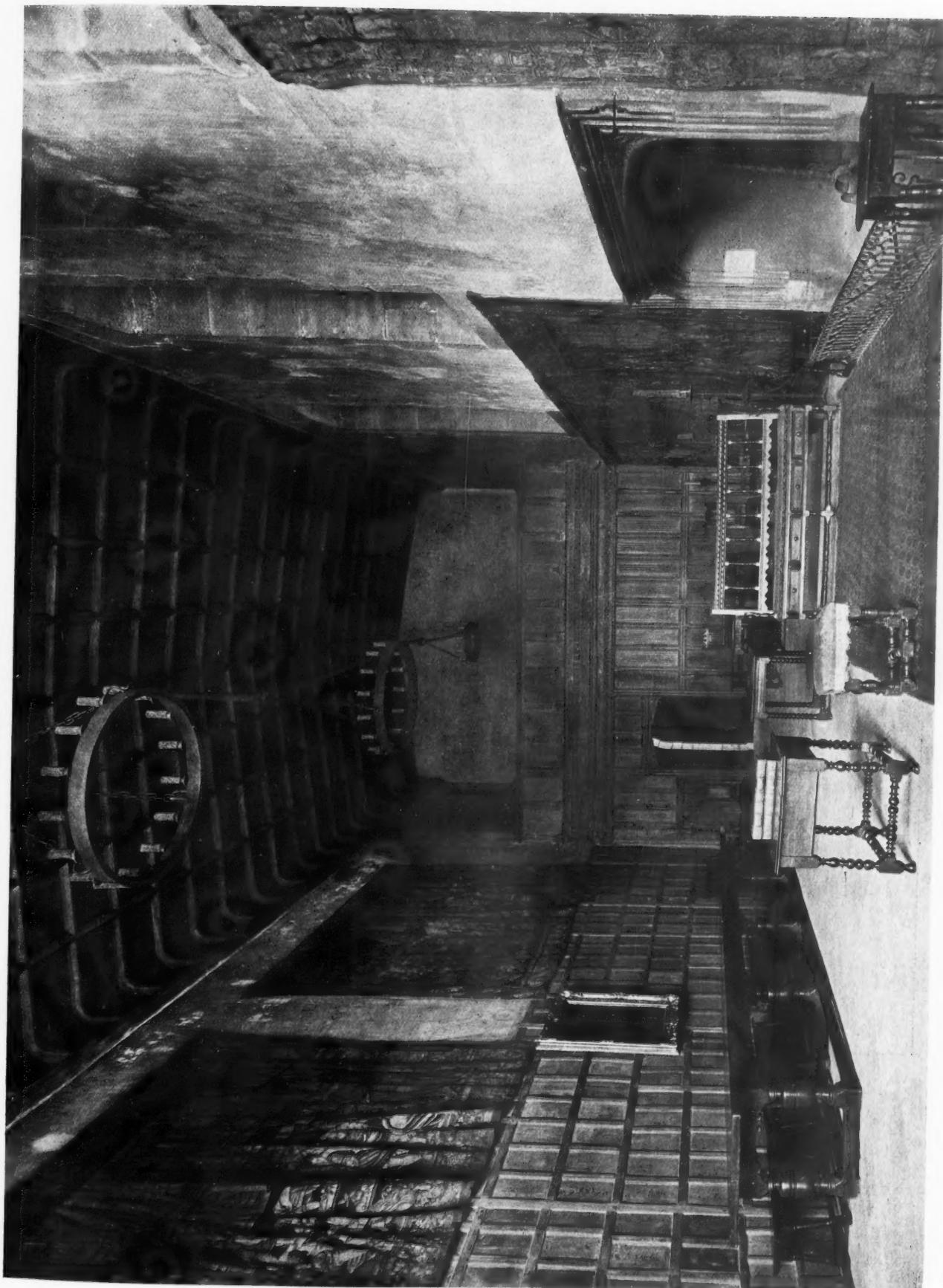
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8.—SUBSIDIARY STAIRCASE. CIRCA 1700. "COUNTRY LIFE."

which Beaudesert had been "admirably improved by the present noble owner." He is enthusiastic over the "Gothic hall," and is thankful that the east front was then "totally disengaged from the ponderous gateway, walls and other obstructions that incumbered it in the days of Plot," whose plate of this elevation he reproduces, and enables us to judge how much this lofty and severe front suffers from the lack of the lower outlying architectural features which were essential elements in the original composition. Further changes were made early in the nineteenth century. The second Earl of Uxbridge of the new creation succeeded his father in 1812, and three years later won laurels at Waterloo. By that name, therefore, was known the new great staircase which he introduced at Beaudesert, where, as the newly created Marquess of Anglesey, he entertained the Regent six months after Waterloo was fought. Further alterations at his Staffordshire seat were planned, but for the most part were not carried out, and it has remained for his descendant, the sixth and present Marquess, to overhaul the whole house and replace what his immediate predecessors had done with work conceived for the most part in the spirit of the time of Thomas, third Lord Paget. To the exterior, except to the west, not very much has been done. The forecourt has not been replaced, but the porch excrescence, which had been sadly mauled about, has been once again given the appearance it bore in the seventeenth century (Fig. 2). It is the only part of the east front that is stone-faced, that material, of which the Bishop's house, except where timber-framed, was composed, being little used by Thomas Lord Paget, except for plinth, string-courses and window mullions. The detailed stonework of the porch is most valuable as giving, at the central point, relief to the very severe and almost gaunt building with its four tiers of windows. The lowest of these lit a half basement which by no means added to the convenience of the ground floor disposition, but which has been cleverly modified to suit a better arrangement. Captain Harry Lindsay, to whom Lord Anglesey entrusted part of the alterations, decorations and furnishing has drawn up careful notes to show the condition of things in 1909 as compared with the aspect reached in 1912. These notes have, with great courtesy, been placed at the disposition of the present writer, and are frequently quoted in the following description:

In 1909 the porch opened through a modern door on to a narrow flight of steps leading up into a vestibule with plastered walls, which gave into the staircases on each side and to the hall facing the steps. The half-basement room was at this point done away with to admit of the stately stairway of stone, modelled on that which was originally at Theobalds. It is seen in the illustration (Fig. 3) leading up to the general ground floor level through two massive stone arches, the walls, cornice, etc., of the present vestibule being all in stone, while to the right of the entrance door—a very fine old one of oak studded with nails—a stone doorway, of which portions were found still remaining when the plaster was removed, leads down a set of segmental steps into the half-basement apartment which was the housekeeper's room, but is now called the guard-room (Fig. 4). The stone fire-arch is the old one repaired, but the wainscoting is new work,

Nov. 22nd, 1919.]



9.—THE HALL.

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imitating a good Jacobean model, with flat strapwork carving on pilasters and frieze such as we find in the Bow and Bromley room now at the Victoria and Albert Museum. The rush matting on a stone floor and the simple pieces of old oak furniture complete a very successful transformation of this room, and put it back to the days when the Protestant Lord Paget regained the home which his Romish father had forfeited.

A picture that suggests a still earlier date is obtained through the arches at the top of the stone stairway (Fig. 6). This is the space under the hall gallery, and its side walls no doubt contain masonry of the bishops' days; late Gothic features have therefore been introduced. The plastered walls and ceiling, the painted deal woodwork, including the sham Gothic archways that supported the gallery, have given place to a beam and rafter ceiling dating from about Henry VII's time, of which the centre beam is carved and has the favourite running vine pattern along its soffit

wide and four high—that occupies so great a part of the west end. High up on the south wall sufficient remains of the older traceried windows were found to make their correct reproduction possible. Each consists of two tiers of four very narrow lights, the upper ones being trefoil-headed, having such massive framework that the central shaft is equal in width to the lights, and the others about two-thirds that width. Towards the west end of this south side, and no doubt lighting the dais, was a larger window with a low sill and the remains of several stone arched doorways leading originally to the stairway, solar and chambers, which no doubt occupied a building lying west of the hall in the bishops' time, were likewise found. Under the sham wooden ceiling lay remnants of the true wooden one—oak tie beams and one panel—sufficient to admit of the present accurate reproduction. An original fire-arch with stone jambs and moulded and spandrelled oak lintel, considered consonant with the late Gothic characteristics of the hall, was obtained and inserted



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10.—LORD ANGLESEY'S SITTING-ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

(Fig. 5). Stone doorways were inserted to lead into the staircase halls. Tapestry was hung on the plastered wall by their side, while a screen, of much the same date as the ceiling, shuts off the hall. It is composed of long linen-fold panels, recalling those in the old Guild House at Lavenham, set in a massive moulded framework, of which the top crenelated rail is very Gothic in character. The whole was originally painted, and much of the green and red paint remains on the old panels of the upper tier which lay above the rough treatment to which this East Anglian survival was no doubt at one time subjected and which accounts for all the lower panels except two being renewals. Of the "Gothic hall" as it delighted Shaw in 1798, nothing remains. The deal woodwork, the ceiling of plaster painted to imitate wood, the modern stone fireplaces, the wooden domes with skylights of white and yellow glass, have all been swept away, and in form and appearance the hall (Fig. 7) resembles that of the bishops as modified by Thomas Lord Paget, who, among other alterations, must have inserted the great mullioned window—six lights

in the south wall. The north wall was wainscoted to the height of the panelling of the screen, and above this hang very fine seventeenth century tapestries, while below runs the grand 24ft. long oak table, which, as stated in COUNTRY LIFE of June 12th, 1909, was found in the Servants' Hall at Holme Lacy before the sale of that place, and which here finds a more apt and worthy home. South of the hall a new wing, which includes a great dining-room, has been built. North of the hall a small courtyard has had erected in it, to serve as a boiler-house and other purposes, a lean-to building representing an old timber-framed and plaster construction, composed of old beams purchased from demolished houses. This treatment is initiative of the original work of a passage which looks out on to it, where, on the removal of modern plaster, timber and plaster construction, including an original oak door frame, was found. All this was renovated and a carved oak arch—old but not belonging to the house—inserted at the entrance of what is intended as a billiard room, thus completing

the composition seen in the illustration (Fig. 8). At the other end of this passage and connecting it with the hall lies a subsidiary staircase (Fig. 9) which must have been the work of the sixth Lord Paget—the diplomatist of William III's time—whose hand is seen in other details about the house dating from his period of possession, which extended from 1678 to 1713. Beyond repairs and treatment to give tone and texture to the oak, this staircase has not been altered and, with its broad, flat-topped handrail swinging up in graceful curves and with its fluted balusters, affords a simple but good example of a staircase lying, in the matter of design, half way between the heavy oak manner of Charles II's time and the lighter mahogany work of Queen Anne and her Hanoverian successor.

Also opening out of the oak-timbered passage lies Lord Anglesey's sitting-room (Fig. 10). It is within the area of the house affected by the fire in 1909. It retains its size and general disposition, but all visible features are altered, the decorative scheme being taken from Plas Mawr near Conway, well illustrated in the Early Renaissance volume of "English Homes." The plaster frieze and the mantelpiece in its "great room" are the originals of the like features at Beaudesert, where the ceiling of narrow ribs, forming geometric panels containing heraldic emblems, and the massive oak wainscoting are taken from the "Queen's bedroom" at the old Conway home of the Wynnes.

There are many other rooms of interest on the ground floor at Beaudesert, but the exigencies of space forbid their being illustrated. To the left of the main entrance, over the undercroft of which the guard room forms part, is a series of bedrooms known as "the Barracks." They were modern paper-hung rooms, but have been brought into harmony with the Early Renaissance spirit of the house. In two of them the old wainscots were found under the paper. On the other side of the main entrance lie the libraries and other sitting-rooms, one of them being directly over the south cupola—seen in the illustration of the east front—whose weathercock is connected with a wind gauge dial in this room similar to those at Kensington Palace and the old Admiralty Board Room. They appear to have been appreciated in Staffordshire, for there is one at Wixley Hall, which lies a few miles west of Beaudesert. The specimen there is probably an introduction of the sixth Lord Paget, as their use appears to date from the reign of William III. The libraries have been got up in the Jacobean manner. The sunk bookcases are divided by carved pilasters, the mantelpieces are of stone, and the ceilings of enriched plasterwork. Long rows of seventeenth and eighteenth century books in original bindings rise tier upon tier and complete a very successful arrangement. These libraries lie under the Long Gallery, which, with other upstair rooms, will be illustrated and described next week.

H. AVRAY TIPPING.

## NICHOLAS STONE

SCULPTOR AND MASTER MASON (1587-1647).

**T**HIS year's volume of the Walpole Society provides a fitting memorial to the late Curator of Sir John Soane's Museum and a fully illustrated account of the life and work of James I's master mason. Walter Lewis Spiers had practically completed his careful monograph on Nicholas Stone at the time of his death in 1917, so that Mr. A. J. Finberg, the hon. secretary of the Walpole Society, had merely to revise for publication his late friend's manuscript, which he describes as "clear, straightforward, unaffected and as transparently sincere as his own beautiful character."

The son of a Devonshire "quarryman," Nicholas Stone, as a lad of about sixteen, was apprenticed to a London statuary named Isaac James, who was probably the producer of many a still surviving sculptured tomb and chimneypiece of the Elizabethan age. With him Stone remained for three years, but in 1606 he got acquainted with Henrik de Keyser—who had come over to see the London Royal Exchange before building that of Amsterdam—and accompanied him back to Holland. There he not only gained a mastery of his craft, but a wife. Marrying his employer's daughter in 1613, he brought her to England and, settling in Long Acre, at once took the first position as designer and carver of sepulchral monuments. A quarter of a century later he entered, on twenty-two leaves of a note book, a list of what he remembered of the works done by him during that period. That note book has been preserved and is now at the Soane Museum together with an account book, covering

the period 1631 to 1642, and giving day by day entries of the prices charged and agreements entered into with his clients and craftsmen. Much of his work was



1.—EFFIGY OF ELIZABETH COKE ON HER ALTAR-TOMB IN ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH, BRAMFIELD, SUSSEX, 1634.

2.—TABLET TO JOHN LAW IN THE CHAPEL OF THE CHARTERHOUSE, LONDON, 1615



3.—GATEWAY TO THE PHYSIC GARDEN, OXFORD, 1632-33.

therefore capable of identification, and Mr. Spiers undertook this labour.

The amount of documentary research, of travelling, and of personal investigation involved in the work would have daunted almost any other man. Nor were there any prospects of material reward to



4.—MONUMENT TO SIR CHARLES MORISON AND HIS WIFE IN ST. MARY'S CHURCH, WATFORD, 1630.

encourage him. But neither the difficulties of the task nor the certainty that he would be out of pocket by his labours could deter him in his disinterested search for knowledge. He was born a *savant*, and I believe he loved the difficulties, the arduous, of research. For many years his holidays were devoted to journeys which had for their aim either the discovery or the first-hand study of Nicholas Stone's work.

He took his camera with him, and many of the illustrations—those in out of the way churches especially—in the Walpole Society's Volume are the result. For other and more get-at-able monuments a professional photographer has been employed, and we get clear presentments of Stone's early manner in the Sutton tomb, which all visitors to the Charterhouse know and which Stone executed in collaboration with Nicholas Janson. At the same time and for the same place he produced a mural monument (Fig. 2) to Sutton's executor, John Law, and on the second page of the note book we read :

In November 1615 Mr Janson in Southwark and I did set up a tombe for Mr Sottone at Charter hous for the whic we had 400l. well payed but the letell monement of Mr Lawes was included the whic I mad and all the carven work of Mr Sottons tombe.

The central oval containing the bust is flanked by tall, thin angels with the long necks which Stone favoured, anyhow

during his earlier period. The monument is of alabaster, the effigy, shield of arms and some of the flat fillets being painted or gilt. The inscription tablet below is of veined black marble. Royal employment followed, for in 1616 James I sent Stone to Scotland to carry out work in Holyrood Palace chapel. He charged £450 "and had my mony well payed and 50l. was geven to drenk whar of I had 20l geven me by the Kings comand." This beginning led to Stone's connection with Inigo Jones when the latter was preparing to rebuild the Banqueting House.

1619 I was sent for to the ofisior of his Mat's workes to under take the charges of the plas of Mer mason for the new Banking Hous at Whithall wharin I was employed 2 years and had payed me 4s 10d the day.

In the Whitehall privy garden he erected the famous sundial in 1622 and did other small work for both James and Charles, as at Inigo Jones's "Queen's House" at Greenwich. Probably also under Jones he worked for Lord Hatton at Kirby in 1638, but only once does he mention him by name, so that Jones's connection with the designing of architectural work executed by Stone is uncertain. A measured drawing of the York Stairs gateway by John Webb certainly implies that Jones designed, if Stone erected it, and the same may apply to the porch of St. Mary's and the gateways of the Physic Garden at Oxford (Fig. 3). As to the latter we get the following entry :

In 1631 Agreed with the Right Hon. Lord Earell of Danby for to mak 3 ston gatess in to the phisick garden Oxford : and to desine a new Hous for him at Cornebury in Oxfordshire and to dereck the workmen and mak all thar moldes, I was thar in 2 years 33 times and my covenant of accord with his lord. was 1000l.

Here he sets down that he designed the house at Cornbury, but only made the gateways of the Physic Garden, and the implication is that they were designed by another, who, at that date, could only have been Inigo Jones. Certainly his influence is seen in much of Stone's later monumental work. Not only are the proportions better, but form is more important, ornament being subsidiary to it. There are tombs, as those of Sir Adam Newton at Charlton and his brother-in-law, Sir Thomas Puckering at Warwick, dating from 1630 and 1639 respectively, where ornament is almost entirely lacking. They consist of a simple altar tomb, from which rise Corinthian columns and pilasters supporting an entablature and broken pediment enclosing a cartouche of arms, the materials being various marbles. The more elaborate Morison monuments at Watford are on the same lines. The one to the father was made in 1619, the other, to the son, in 1630 (Fig. 4). In both we have Stone's favourite device of a two-arched canopy, a cantilever forming the central support. In both we have recumbent figures on the altar tomb and kneeling figures on each side. But the later one shows better proportions, more reserve and greater delicacy in such enrichment as is used. Stone's capacity to design well and sculpture with real mastery all natural objects, including the human form, placed him in the first half of the seventeenth century

in the same relative position that Grinling Gibbons occupied during the second half. Each in his age and in his manner was first of Englishmen. No more beautiful figure was produced in this country during Stone's time than that of Elizabeth Coke in Bramfield Church. She died in child-bed and lies on the tomb holding the baby (Fig. 1). The face is full of expression, the whole treatment natural, but possessing statuesque dignity and reserve.

With the outbreak of civil strife came a cessation of orders, and Nicholas Stone did little during the half dozen years that preceded his death in 1647. Yet he was then in a position to do much and good work. His sons Henry and Nicholas he had sent abroad to study art, and the latter's diary of the years 1638-43 spent in France and Italy is at the British Museum and is printed as an appendix to the Walpole Society's volume. On their return they were at hand, as also the third son, John, to help their father and continue the business, Caius Cibber being an assistant. But the busy and creative period of Nicholas Stone's career lies within the years that his note and account books cover, and we owe a debt of gratitude to Mr. Finberg and the Walpole Society for the careful way in which they have edited these manuscripts that Mr. Spiers had so laboriously prepared and annotated for publication.

H. AVRAY TIPPING.

## THE TINKER

Gin I was a sturdy tinker  
Trampin' lang roads an' wide,  
An' ye was a beggar hizzie  
Cadgin' the country side;

The meal bags a' your fortune,  
A jinglin' wallet mine,  
I wouldna swap for a kingdom  
Ae blink o' my raggit queyn.

The gowd that hings at your lugs, lass,  
I would hammer it for a ring,  
Syne Hey for a tinkers' waddin'  
An' the lythe dyke-sides o' Spring.

O whiles we would tak' the turnpike  
An' lauch at the Norlan' win',  
An' whiles we would try the lown roads,  
An' the wee hill-tracks that rin.

Whaur the blue peat reek is curlin'  
An' the mavis whussles rare,  
We'd follow the airt we fancied  
Wi' name that we kent to care.

An' ye would get the white siller  
Spaein' the lasses' han's,  
An' I would win the broun siller  
Cloutin' the aul' wives' cans.

Whiles wi' a stroop to souder,  
Girdin' at times a cogue,  
But aye wi' you at my elbuck  
To haud me content, ye rogue.

Wi' a' the warl' to wander,  
An' the fine things yet to see,  
Will ye kilt your coats an' follow  
The lang, lang road wi' me?

The open lift an' lauchter,  
Is there onything mair ye lack?  
"A wee heid in the bundle  
That shouds upon my back."

We'd wash in the rinnin' water,  
An' I would lave your feet,  
An' ye would lowse your apron  
An' I would dry them wi'.

I'd gaither yows at gloamin'  
An' ye would blaw the fire,  
Till the lilt o' the singin' kettle  
Gart baith forget the tire.

An' blithe, my cuttie luntin',  
We'd crack aboot a' we'd seen,  
Wi' mony a twa-han' banter  
Aneth the risin' meen.

Syne in some cosy plantin'  
Wi' fern an' heather spread,  
An' the green birks for rafters  
The lift would roof your bed.

An' when your e'en grew weary  
Twa stars would tine their lielt,  
An' safty in my oxter  
I'd faul' you for the nicht.

Nae cry frae frichtened mawkin,  
Snared in the dewy grass,  
Nor eerie oolet huntin'  
Would wauken you then, my lass.

An' when the mists were liftin'  
An' the reid sun raise to peep,  
Ye would only cuddle the closer  
An' lauch to me in your sleep.

CHARLES MURRAY.

## THE CARVED PARLOUR OF GREGYNOG

ALTHOUGH the old house of Gregynog is gone, there is preserved in the new one a very fine and interesting example of the super-enriched wainscoting that was in vogue in the later days of Elizabeth. In London and the other wealthy and advanced centres of Britain the fashion for excessive and unlearned carving had given way, by the time that Charles I came to the throne, to a much more reserved style, such as we find in the Laudian portion of St. John's College, Oxford, and wherever else the influence of Inigo Jones was beginning to be felt; but this was not the case in remoter

districts, where local habit and inherited modes of craftsmanship continued undisturbed. Thus the Gregynog wood-work is dated 1636, although it is in the manner of half a century earlier.

Gregynog is in the Montgomeryshire parish of Tregynon, and certainly as early as the sixteenth century belonged to the Blaneys, for David Lloyd Blayney, who was Sheriff of the county in 1577, is styled "of Gregynog"; but the family had been important in the parish and district long before that, so that Lewis Dwm, who is described as "a poet as well as a genealogist," had no difficulty in tracing

their descent from

"Brockwel Iscythrog, a prince of Powis at the end of the sixth century."

The first recorded Blayney, however, is he who appears on the burgess roll of Welshpool in 1406, and from his youngest son the descent of David Lloyd Blayney is clear enough. He died in 1595, and his son Lewis did not long survive him; but Lewis's son John, who appears to have succeeded his father while Elizabeth was still on the throne, lived to see the third Stewart restored, and thus was owner of the estate for over threescore years. To what extent he rebuilt his ancestors' home we do not know. A late eighteenth century view shows a gabled house with great exterior chimney breasts, but of brick with sash windows.

A successor of John Blayney will have refaced and rewindowed an older house, some of which—no doubt timber-framed—may have gone back to a period well before the time of John Blayney, and we can only with certainty attribute to him the "carved parlour" which, on the final destruction of the old edifice, reappeared, with rather unfortunate additions, as the dining-room of the new house. Dislike to plain surfaces was the feeling prominent with the craftsmen that planned and wrought it. Panels and stiles, plinths and pilasters, mouldings and friezes—all are enriched, every motif known to the carvers being introduced. Elaboration of form as well as of ornament was



1.—UPPER PART OF THE CHIMNEYPIECE OF THE CARVED PARLOUR.



2.—A SECTION OF THE WAINSCOTING WITH HERALDIC PANELS.

also sought, as, for example, the amusing Siamese twin pilasters flanking the panels on each side of the doorway (Fig. 3). They have independent plinths and shafts, but unite under a single capital. Here we have the utmost effort of the independent craftsman undirected by the architect—by the schooled designer who has learnt and seen the principles and performance of the masters of architecture and decoration such as had arisen in Italy and spread to northern countries. The Gregynog parlour was a sort of swan song, the culminatingly rich but belated effort of a dying native style. There is the use of forms derived from the classic, there is the ability of the carver-joiner inherited from generations of skilled members of a chartered guild. Yet the general effect is one of barbaric splendour. The West of England practised this manner largely in the days of Elizabeth. The Dilkes acquired Maxstoke Castle in Warwickshire in 1599, and the wainscoting they soon after inserted is very like that at Gregynog. The two chimneypieces are quite cognate in form and in spirit. Elaborately cartouched arms, the human form used for caryatids and as independent figures, an enrichment of every section and every member are common features of the two examples. Somewhat alike, but more reserved, are chimneypieces at Kenilworth and Baddesley Clinton in the same county. Alike also were Shropshire examples, such as in the dining-room at Park Hall, close to the Welsh border.

Heraldry usually played a leading part in these productions and is particularly prominent at Gregynog. The arms "are all carved on oak shields, there being 8 shields showing the arms of the great Welsh houses connected with the family as well as the Blayney coat elaborately carved and placed over the fireplace" (Fig. 1). The niches on each side contain figures (Fig. 4) rudely but racily carved, as we should expect from a local hand. Shrewsbury was the wealthiest and most civilised centre of that part of Britain, and a natural supposition would be that John Blayney went to the leading master of the woodworking craft there established in his time. But Mr. W. S. Owen, in his history of Tregynon parish, which occupies half the thirtieth volume of the "Montgomery Collections," assures us that

The carving was executed by Dutch carvers brought over to Wales for the purpose about the year 1636, shown by two carved panels, one bearing a half moon and a sun with June 22, the other a sun with a face and Ano + Dmi 1636 with an anchor beneath it.

These incidents show us the date, no doubt, but how they show us the Dutch origin Mr. Owen does not explain. Cognate, though earlier, English examples have just been mentioned, but where do such occur in Holland dating even from the sixteenth century? In the early seventeenth century Holland was before us in both design and execution, and we have seen (page 665) Nicholas Stone going to learn his trade as a designer and statuary at Amsterdam. His finest monuments and chimneypieces are contemporary with the Gregynog work. They show the best Dutch and English manner of the day and are in complete contrast with that of the very conservative West of England wood-workers whose output was still on native and traditional lines. That is what makes the Gregynog parlour valuable, not to say unique. It gives the impression of being autochthonous, sprung from a soil far away and fully protected from outside influence. It is the very best provincial work of its day, the most sumptuous thing its district could achieve, and it achieved it, with no loss of creative vigour and lively affection, long after new decorative ideals had elsewhere prevailed.

H. AVRAY TIPPING.



3.—DOORWAY WITH DATE PANEL OVER.



4.—FIGURE IN ONE OF THE NICHES OF THE CHIMNEYPIECE.

## THE ESTATE MARKET

## BADMINTON &amp; RENDLESHAM HALL

IRST let it be clearly stated that only outlying portions of the Duke of Beaufort's Badminton estate are to be sold at the forthcoming auction, but, all the same, the event is of a very noteworthy kind, marking a point in the now familiar operation of the break-up of estates. Another notable impending sale is that of Rendlesham Hall, Suffolk. These two sales would alone give distinction to any week's record of the market, but they must be read in conjunction with other announcements, which include a very satisfactory record of business actually concluded, Haldon House and Gnatn, both in South Devon, by Messrs. Daniel Smith, Oakley and Garrard, and Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley, respectively, and the very large area of first-rate landed property, sold by Messrs. John D. Wood and Co. Added to these must be the many private transactions in valuable, and many of them architecturally interesting, country houses, with a fair sprinkling of town houses, and even some building land. It is evident that the market is in an exceedingly healthy state, and vendors of property are not lacking in perception of the fact as is proved by the numerous auctions and private offers that are announced week by week.

## FOUR THOUSAND ACRES OF BADMINTON.

The Duke of Beaufort, having come to the conclusion that it would be well to dispose of some of the outlying lands of the Badminton estate, has entrusted the sale to Messrs. Tilley, Parry and Culverwell, in conjunction with Messrs. Lofts and Warner, and these firms have fixed December 11th for the auction. The place of sale selected is Bristol, probably the most convenient centre for the majority of the buyers of the property. It extends to 4,077 acres, in Wilts and Gloucestershire, with a rental of some £3,730 a year. Of the fertility and beauty of the land hardly denominated as Badminton there is no need to say anything, for everyone knows it, just as most people will find—though they might not be able easily to explain why—more interesting suggestiveness about the sale of a section of Badminton than about some estates which have located more largely in the public eye. There is no occasion to say anything about the mansion, or not more than a few words, for it is outside the scope of the sale. It was illustrated in COUNTRY LIFE (xxii, 378). It was on the site of an ancient house belonging to the Boteler family that the first Duke of Beaufort built his princely mansion in the reign of Charles II. In its magnitude, and richly varied and typical scenery, Badminton may be justly regarded as one of the finest estates in England, and the sale of over 4,000 acres of its appurtenant lands is a noteworthy event in more ways than one.

## RENDLESHAM HALL, SUFFOLK.

Yet another notable event is foreshadowed—the sale of the Rendlesham Hall estate, Suffolk. About 2,000 acres on the Butley Priory section of the estate will be sold some time next month, and the main or residential portion will be submitted early in the coming year. Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley are the agents appointed by Lord Rendlesham to conduct the sales. The parish of Butley is bounded on one side by a branch of the river Ore called Butley Eye. Not much remains of the buildings of the Priory of Black Canons, which was founded at Butley in 1171, and dedicated to the Virgin Mary by Ranulph de Glanvil, who afterwards became Justiciary of England. The old gatehouse was richly adorned with numerous armorial bearings, sculptured in the stonework, of the benefactors of the Abbey. But Butley is not the most important portion of the estate, although, like the rest of it, sharing in the reputation of being a grand sporting property; indeed, it has been stated on good authority that Rendlesham may take its place as among the best half dozen shoots of its kind in the kingdom. Rendlesham Hall is a very large and finely built modern residence, standing in a lovely park of 310 acres. It may unquestionably be said of Rendlesham that its possession would confer distinction upon anybody, and that as a sporting property and all that commutes it is of the highest value. At the same time it has a considerable element of agricultural worth, and the woodlands are very extensive and profitable. Altogether Rendlesham is an excellent an estate as is to be found in the market, and that is saying a great deal if only the properties mentioned to-day be taken into account.

## "THE FIGHTING FYTTONS."

The richly carved Irish oak of the roof of Gawsorth Church, three miles from Macclesfield, affords shelter to many monuments to "the fighting Fyttons"—Fyttons—of mediæval days. The last male representative of that branch of the family was killed in the battle of Bristol, in 1643, while upholding the Royalist cause. The Warren, near by, some few years later, in 1665, was the spot where the country people held a temporary market for the produce which on account of the plague they were afraid to take into the towns. The eccentric author of

a burlesque called "Hurst Thrumbo," which had a run of thirty nights at the Haymarket Theatre in 1722, was buried at a spot between Gawsorth and Macclesfield. He was a quaint character, whose nicknames, among them "Lord Flame," indicate his personality. Gawsorth Old Hall, one of the houses on Lord Harrington's Gawsorth and Bosley estate, was the ancestral home of "the fighting Fyttons." It is a picturesque half-timbered house now at least 500 years old and it is claimed for its adjacent lands that they contain the best preserved mediæval tilting ground in the whole of England. Gawsorth New Hall is another good house, with vacant possession on completion of the purchase. In the first instance, some weeks ago, the area of the estate, as announced for sale, was over 8,000 acres, but Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley have held meetings with the tenants, and the latter have availed themselves so fully of Lord Harrington's special terms that now no more than about 5,000 acres remain for disposal. Possibly this will be further reduced, but whatever remains will be submitted to public competition at Macclesfield early next year. The farms are mostly from 30 to nearly 300 acres, many of them being from 100 to 150 acres, and the fertility of the district is proverbial.

## THE SHAKESPEARE, STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

A full list of the leading properties to be dealt with next week by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley, was given in COUNTRY LIFE a week ago, and need not be repeated. It includes the Shakespeare Hotel, Stratford-on-Avon, Hall Place, near Canterbury, 680 acres in Merionethshire, for the Right Hon. Walter Long, M.P., and two or three town houses and other London properties.

## PONTRILAS COURT, HEREFORDSHIRE.

That exquisite Tudor manor house, Pontrilas Court, 12 miles from Hereford, awaits a buyer by private treaty, having fallen short of the reserve at the recent auction, by Messrs. John D. Wood and Co., acting for the trustees of Colonel E. S. Lucas-Scudamore. The estate of 1,633 acres, in Kentchurch and adjoining parishes, includes fishing rights in the Monnow and Dore, a distance of nearly 3½ miles, which abound in trout and grayling. Pontrilas Court is in an admirable setting, for it is approached through an avenue of limes bordered by spacious lawns. Ivy and other creepers mantle much of its stone front, in which the mulioned and transomed windows and heavily studded doors opening to a stone flagged porch are points of beauty. The ceiling of the lounge hall is divided into squares by ribbed beams with carved bosses and the drawing-room has similar features, while the main portion of the dining-room is oak panelled. There is a fine Elizabethan oak staircase, having pierced balusters and massive newel posts with carved finials. The house and 10 acres constitute Lot 1 in the particulars of sale. The farms were offered to the tenants prior to the auction, and all but two were so sold.

## A 1,300 ACRE FARM.

A farm of very exceptional extent and noted for other points as well, East Codd Ford, near Warminster, has been sold by Messrs. John D. Wood and Co. on behalf of the Bishop of Coventry. The house is in the picturesque Wiltshire style. The holding is suitable for a stud farm, as the East Codd Ford Down has straight gallops of a mile, and on the Lamb Down there are practically circular gallops of the same length. Until recent years there was a race course marked out on Codd Ford Down, and many famous horses have been trained there, for there are well known training establishments in the vicinity.

## A REBUILT TITHE BARN.

The late Mr. A. W. Cox's executors have instructed Messrs. John D. Wood and Co. to offer for sale Old Barn, Stanmore. It is an original specimen of a Worcestershire tithe-barn, which was rebuilt on its present site near London in a pleasant park of 30 acres to 40 acres. It needs not to be added that in one way and another the property represents an immense expenditure, for buildings cannot be removed and rebuilt at a great distance on any other terms.

## THIRKLEBY AND SOCKBURN, YORKSHIRE.

Next month the same firm is selling 1,666 acres of Sir John F. Payne-Gallwey's Thirkleby Estate, Thirsk, in 101 lots. The residue of Sockburn Hall estate, near Northallerton, 1,320 acres, is also coming under the hammer. The mansion and home portions were recently sold by Messrs. John D. Wood and Co.

## PRIVATE TREATY SALES.

Acremead, the beautiful modern house at Crockham Hill (illustrated in COUNTRY LIFE, Feb. 5th, 1910), is among Messrs. Hampton and Sons' private sales. About £56,000 worth of Welsh land, at Machynlleth and near Plinlimmon, has been purchased by the tenants from Sir Watkin Williams Wynn, in whose family it has been for 200 years.

ARBITER.

## CORRESPONDENCE

### A BEGINNING AT THE BOARD OF AGRICULTURE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Your most interesting leader under the above heading inspires me to write you on the subject of good farming by compulsion. Under our present laws, broadly speaking, the bad farmer is not punished nor the good farmer rewarded. The result of this can be seen in almost any district where the land is difficult to work and is unproductive unless well and intelligently worked. If the Board of Agriculture can devise some scheme to alter the present condition of affairs so that land of this kind is well farmed, it will be an invaluable achievement. I look forward with the keenest interest to see how they propose to do it round me. With all the powers of D.O.R.A. little or nothing was done except to gain the help of the willing and good farmers to increase their arable land and thus give the district its necessary quota of ploughed land. No real or intelligent effort was made to make the average farmer farm better.

As an example of how little was done, in my district I have three farms now in hand, taken over from tenants this autumn, and the conditions are briefly as follows. Out of some 400 acres there are 6 acres of arable land only fit to attempt to grow a crop on; some of the land was a mere mass of thistles, couch grass and other weeds, none had been ploughed deeper than 4ins., and it was like a road beneath this depth; none had been given lime or basic slag for thirty years at least, and in each case the total farmyard manure had come from a few dairy cows and two or three horses, an amount only sufficient for a tenth of the arable land. The root crops in most cases are non-existent, although the tenant right claims make me pay large sums for the work claimed to grow them; in one case there are no roots at all, in another three cart loads off four acres, and in the third, four tons to the acre of poor little mangels. The hay crop is not 5 cwt. to the acre, and the corn in two cases less than the seed that should have been used to grow it.

All these farms adjoin my own, where first-class crops of corn, roots and grass could be seen, and the farmers had seen me take possession of land even worse than theirs was this year, but the effect of example was useless and nothing but expulsion or compulsion is of any use. True, it is gross ignorance and incapacity in some cases, but in others just lack of real farming knowledge. One of the farmers, when I asked why he did not get his land like mine, seriously told me that it had been ruined by his father putting basic slag on it—this on clay land! Can stupidity from a farming point of view go further? When, however, it comes to apportioning the blame for such a state of affairs, one must look further than the tenant. Surely the land owner should have some obligations? What is he or his agent doing to allow farms to get so run down that, even if given free, a man could not make a living from them unless he had capital to live on and spend for some three years? Generally speaking the farm houses, farm buildings, ditches, hedges, drains, roads and land, require as much spending on them to raise them to a paying production point of view, as I bought them for. This will be done, but the cost and the work would only be undertaken by those like myself who like the work and can see the future of the land. On most of these farms the hedges have not been properly cut, if at all, for thirty years, so that when they are cut to proper shape and size, there are often large gaps; the real hedge has just died and gone, killed by the brambles and briars that have overgrown it. I estimate I must put up at least five miles of good wire netting to make good the hedges that have been destroyed by neglect. Ditches have only been dug 12ins., where they should be 2ft. to 3ft., and thus all the old land drains are not working.

So far all my arable is ploughed up by steam and tractor some 12ins., and a complete summer fallow will take place; ground lime is going on a ton to the acre and farmyard manure on the bulk of it, some 40 tons to the acre, and then in August my corn will go in and I expect a bumper crop in 1921. But to do all this would be most difficult, if not impossible, if each farm had been taken by a tenant. He could not feed the stock necessary to provide the manure, nor would he in many cases be prepared to wait for a return. In most cases, by force of circumstances, he could do little to restore the ruin the previous owners and tenants had brought on this land, which is so good when well treated, so sad to see in the state common to so much Sussex weald land. Will the Board of Agriculture alter this? I hope so; but I do not think they will, unless the landowner, or his agent, is made to fulfil his obligations, and keep the tenant to his. But, again, at the back of the whole matter is the question, is it worth doing financially from the tenant's point of view and the landlord's? This is the point of view the Board of Agriculture must clearly show—how can an ordinary farmer with ordinary stock and £10 or less capital per acre, make farming pay except by robbing the land? Personally I do not believe he can. It therefore seems to me the Board of Agriculture must take powers first to be able to make the landowner put his farm in some agreed state of repair and cultivation. Secondly, that the tenant must have and put in some settled sum per acre, depending on the kind of farming he is going in for. Thirdly, he must use certified seed and pedigree or graded stock. Unless these and other good farming practices become compulsory, many farms will again pay best as game preserves and not as food and money producing centres for our country. I can show here, samples of farms as they were, as they are and as they can be, and what takes place here is applicable to many parts of our country; houses, cottages and buildings steadily getting better year by year, better and better workers, and more each year, more and better crops and stock, and at the back of it all, on which the reclamation rests, is the pedigree pig, the animal which pays its way on poor land and at the same time restores the fertility stolen from it by the milk producing, land robbing farmers, who have laid to waste so much good Sussex land, during the period a living could not be made from arable land. No one respects more than I do the toil and work of the milk farmer, but in Sussex, as a rule, his farm can be seen from afar by its untidiness and bad farming, compared with that of the corn grower, who must farm decently if he is to live.—S. F. EDGE.

### SHOOTING IN TANGIERS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I am going to Tangiers this month for a trip till about April. Could you kindly tell me, through COUNTRY LIFE, if it is any use to take a gun. Is there any shooting obtainable, and if so, where and of what kind?—C. G.

[We sent our correspondent's letter to Mr. Douglas Cairns, who writes: "My experience of Tangiers and Morocco, as a whole, is not up to date, but I spent six months in the country in 1892. The partridge shooting was excellent, especially in July, when the birds (big red-legs, *Perdix Petrosus*) were full grown. We also killed the lesser bustard and the thick-kneed plover—both very good eating. There were snipe in certain places in great numbers; sandgrouse in the interior, and a few hares. I believe the country round Tangiers itself is now a reserve for the various Legations, and quite tame, too, as the hotel employés were exterminating the game in and *out* of season. Most of my shooting was done at a distance of two to fourteen days' journey from Tangiers. In fact, Tangiers is in the least enjoyable part of the country. A dog is very useful. I had a spaniel and an Airedale. A retrieving pointer or pointer cross would be even better. One wants a dog which will range when one is riding."—ED.]

### A NAPOLEONIC BUILDING EXPERIMENT.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I have been much interested in the recent letters and articles dealing with the use of cob and pisé as building materials for cottages, bungalows and small houses. Of the delights of cob-built cottages I have some knowledge, knowing Devonshire; but pisé was a new idea to me, and it is rather curious that, a day or two ago, I chanced to read of a case in which this material failed to realise the builder's hopes. It is doubtless known to many readers that in 1806 Napoleon, anxious thoroughly to complete the pacification of La Vendée, decided to transfer the headquarters of that department from Fontenay-le-Comte to La Roche-sur-Yon, on which he tacitly bestowed his name. The conversion of a little country town into a busy centre of administration necessitated in his eyes the creation of a large encircling boulevard, of spacious streets and squares, of handsome buildings and monuments. The Emperor set about the business with his customary speed. "Generally speaking"—so runs one of his numerous instructions on the subject—"the rule should be to sacrifice everything to celerity, even in the permanent construction of the Prefecture." But, with less than his usual foresight and good sense, he insisted above all on economy. For the result I quote (translating) from M. Emile Gabory's illuminating volume, "*Napoléon et La Vendée*": "In order to avoid expense Crétet, the Director-General of Roads and Bridges, proposed to construct a part of the monuments in pisé. A native of Dauphiné, he had seen this system employed with success in his own country and had no doubt that it would have the same results in Vendée. He fetched from the Lyonnais three masons, who, installed as instructors, had the task of teaching local workmen to puddle and pack in wooden moulds large bricks of clayey earth (*terre glaise*), which were merely dried, instead of being kiln-baked like ordinary bricks. When needful this material was moistened with a small quantity of water, but the addition of lime was considered a needless expense. The results were deplorable; Crétet had reckoned without the moist climate of Poitou and without the hurricanes which, during six months of the year, sweep in from the sea. After two or three winters the pisé was no more than liquid mud." M. Gabory adds that no less than fifteen of the buildings destined to accommodate the departmental officials were so constructed, and he gives a cheerless picture of the condition into which these ultimately fell.—ARTHUR O. COOKE.

[The construction described is of course not pisé, or rammed earth, as we now know it, but clay lump building.—ED.]

### RHODESIA AS A CATTLE COUNTRY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I have been cattle farming in Rhodesia (Northern and Southern) for many years, and from very small beginnings have nearly reached the top of my individual ladder, which means the ability to retire on a comfortable income, and this in early middle life. The general feeling here is that we are on the eve of great events and that Rhodesia's possibilities are just beginning to be known as a cattle country, and that when its excellence is realised more generally prices of land and cattle must rise rapidly from their present absurdly low level. A few minutes spent with a pencil and a piece of paper will show pretty well what sort of a proposition it is. Given an annual increase of, say, 70 per cent. (though over a period of some ten years mine has been between 80 per cent. and 90 per cent.) and the price of cows at, say, £4 for good native cows, and land at, say, 5s. an acre, there is plenty of profit in it. In addition to the annual profit, each man who owns land can be assured that the values of it will rise enormously in the course of a few years, and with land as cheap as it is now he can secure a large amount. My advice to men coming here is to stick to cattle and let agriculture take care of itself. Put all your cash into native cows; get the necessary number of useful bulls, and then look after them well and wait. Agriculture, except in a few favoured localities near good markets, has proved the brake that has kept many men back in this country. Look at the map before starting and consider that the future of Rhodesia is beef, and that it must be exported Overseas. Therefore go as near to the coast as possible Beira being the port.

The Rhodesian climate is the finest and healthiest in the world if one will but take the most ordinary precautions, and living, in the outlying districts at least, is very cheap. A farmer can live very well for £3 a month. North-Western Rhodesia is a good cattle country, but why go a thousand miles further from the world's markets, and still pay as much or more for land than is asked here in Southern Rhodesia?—C. W. B., Umtali, Southern Rhodesia.

PEAR TREES FROM BRANCHES.  
[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—A very old pear tree that bore very poor fruit was cut down here, and three of the branches (3ins. in diameter) were put into the ground to train rambler roses upon. One of the three branches has taken root, and has borne some large pears. Surely this gives proof of the advantage of root pruning.—ARTHUR TAPP.

[We do not advise readers to take cuttings either of apples or pears; such cuttings, while they sometimes callus over, more often than not fail to root. There are, however, a few varieties that will root as readily as privet. This is especially true of those varieties with branches and stems covered with rough knots or nodes. We are reminded of Darwin's account of the marvellously short method of making an orchard in the island of Chiloe, South America: "At the lower part of almost every small branch conical, brown, wrinkled points project. . . . A branch as thick as a man's thigh is chosen in the early spring, and is cut off just beneath a group of these points; all the smaller branches are lopped off, and it is then placed about two feet deep in the ground; during the ensuing summer the stem throws out a long shoot and sometimes even bears fruit. . . . in the third season the stem is changed (as I have myself seen) into a well-wooded tree, loaded with fruit."—ED.]



"R 1638."

better seen in the actual painting. The under-coat, the wristband of which is just seen, seems to be lace. I cannot say whom the painting is supposed to represent, but probably you or some of your readers could aid me in this matter.—W. A. SHIMMIN.

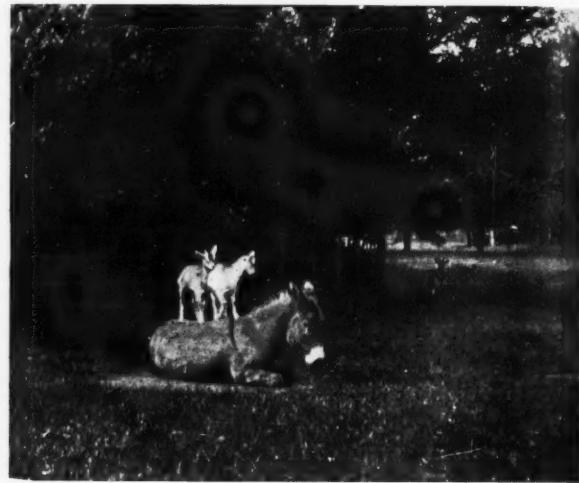
WOMAN AGRICULTURIST'S REMARKABLE DISCOVERIES.  
[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The prowess of Mademoiselle of Belgium in the field of fruticulture is doubtless very creditable, and every effort of hers should be encouraged, but surely what she accomplishes can be done by many English and Scots men? Why is it that anything exceptional done by our foreign neighbours is always extolled, and the same thing, if accomplished by natives of the Old Country, is taken for granted? What is it in the composition of the British landowner which compels him to prefer any innovation, either of new plants or methods of cultivation to first of all be thoroughly tested and made general in other countries, before he will get interested and speculate a little of his capital on home productions in the vegetable world? A band of practical growers, when our sons joined up in Kitchener's Army, resolved to do our very best to improve on the methods and create, if possible, better crops while they were away fighting. Alas! how few are they who have returned. The result of at least one endeavour is really most valuable new vegetable. It is a first-class addition to the number of feeding subjects to stock for both dairying and meat supply. It comes into use in autumn until quite late in the ensuing year, so assisting the ration of roots; and yet, after several tries to get a backer to help prepare some five or six acres of land so that next year a plentiful supply of seed may be obtained to send out all over the country, the end of it all is failure. One lad in the R.A.F., quartered in France, took with him a photograph of the new plant, became friendly with a peasant farmer, to whom he showed this picture, with the result that the writer has had many requests to send over some seed or plants. Quite a respectable sum has been offered in advance if agreed to. But the British landowner or farmer! Oh,

dear no, not on your life! The old style is still good enough, and let Old England go to the bow-wows for all it worries him.—GROWER.

AN ACCOMMODATING DONKEY.  
[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I was wondering if the enclosed photograph would be of any use to your paper. Had I had my camera with me the day before this was taken



KIDS ON A DONKEY'S BACK.

I could have taken the donkey with three kids on her back and two more playing with her head. She would constantly lie down for them to do this—I think partly because they helped to keep the flies off.—S. M. B.

THE STABILITY OF COB.  
[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—A striking testimony to the stability of cob for building has just come to light. A gentleman near Lustleigh, in Devon, having occasion to cut through a wall of an old cottage for the purpose of fixing a window, found a coin embedded in the cob. It is what is called a "short cross penny," and the lettering gives the names of Henry as the King, London as the mint, and Adam as the Moneyer. Adam was Moneyer from 1205 to 1237, so it must have been coined between those dates. As the coin is rather worn, it is likely that it was in circulation for some time before it got into the wall. The finder, Mr. Cecil Torr, thinks it to have been upwards of 600 years in the cob. After all those centuries the cob is still hard and firm. Mr. Cecil Torr expresses the opinion of a large number of West Country folk when he says that it is a pity that our builders make no further use of a material that is at once so cheap and handy and so durable.—G. P. M.

ÆVO RARISSIMA NOSTRO SIMPLICITAS.  
[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The enclosed photograph of some Punjab hill-women illustrates what may be considered almost the acme of simplicity in the way of women's dress. Their complete outfit consists of two thick woollen blankets, homespun from the wool of their own goats. The lower blanket is gathered in at the waist and secured with a length of goat's-hair rope wound many times round the body. The upper blanket is wound once round the body, and the ends thrown back over the shoulders. The whole thing is secured by a single steel pin and forms quite an attractive bodice. For a headdress they wear a round woollen cap of the same material.—H. L. W.



PUNJAB HILL WOMEN.

## NATURE NOTES

## MORE NEGLECTED WATER BABIES

If you wish to see what effect generations of ungoverned appetite may have upon one's personal beauty, take Ranatra out of the water and examine his profile; and if you have any tendency to greediness in your character it will be eradicated instantly.

Ranatra is the slender water scorpion which climbs about the weeds on lanky legs. Look how large the eyes have grown, and how they bulge out of the head; that is because he would always strain them in the endeavour to see where the next meal was coming from. See the thin pointed beak; and where are the six legs which are the glory of all true insects which are justly proud of their ancestral descent? Six he still possesses certainly, but the front pair have become instruments for clutching, seizing and holding their prey. They are serviceable as well as elegant instruments, for the foot forms a sickle which fits into a slot underneath the forearm, like the blade of a penknife; and these

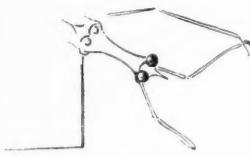
become formidable weapons when used by Ranatra. There is unexpected strength in that wiry form, and the legs have a grip on the plant stems which can only be realised by seeing him struggle with some of the water beetles.

He takes mighty care of his instruments, spending much of his time in cleaning all the joints very slowly and carefully with one of his real legs.

Next the beak gets all his attention and is rubbed and polished with the sickles until one would imagine it was nearly red hot; and now the scorpion is ready to play the waiting game till food is near.

Perhaps nightfall finds him in almost the same state of hunger, or he may have the chance of feeding all day long; but whichever is the case he will still be hungry! And he may feed all day for a week on end and grow no fatter, or he may starve a whole week without showing any sign of tightening his belt.

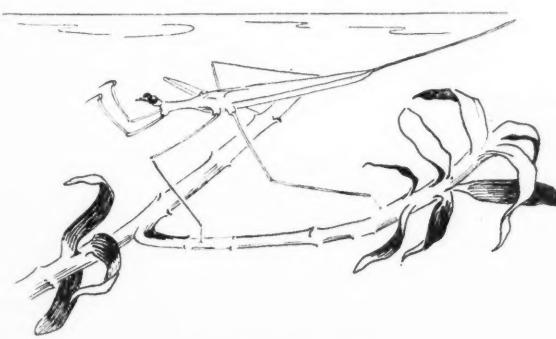
As he sits motionless on the weed, with the two front legs held up before him like a Praying Mantis, beetles will walk over



Cleaning the joints.



the surface of the water and be caught in its clutches. The scorpion's long, spindly legs are tucked up under its body, and it sits like a tiny boatman, waiting for his prey.



Waiting for its prey.

him and snails will even climb up his brown limbs, taking him for the stem of a plant; but when Plea, the little boatman, flashes up, a living air-bubble coated in silver, swift as thought Ranatra has him. The long forearm has shot out too swiftly for eye to follow the action, down goes the clasp into its slot, and Plea is caught by one wee oar.

He may struggle with all his strength, but in vain; Ranatra will not let him escape. At his leisure the merciless beak will pierce him, and presently an empty skin will float away—so empty that even Corixa, the scavenger who hunts among the refuse at the bottom of ponds, thinks it is only somebody's cast-off garment and leaves it untouched. The chameleon-fly larva will eat it; he does not object to other folk's cast-off clothing; indeed, is rather partial to it. Corixa is not at all particular, but he does like something just a little more tasty.

When dusk comes on, many of the inhabitants of the ponds shift their quarters—those of them which are old enough to have wings, that is to say. The others know nothing of the joys of flight, nor show any desire to try to leave the water until the development of their wings brings with it knowledge of a new element and an unquenchable longing to explore it.

At sunset all the little beetles, which have been to the surface of the water dozens of times during the day, to protrude the tip of the abdomen for air, now bring the rest of their body outside the water and take off from the surface with ease. It is a fascinating performance, accomplished gracefully and without effort. They simply crawl out, lift their horny elytra and,

unfolding a pair of wings, are away over the fields, to drop on the bank of a far-off pool and crawl down into the water again.

But some insects prefer to climb a plant and find something more solid to form their starting ground. Among these is Ranatra, and his aerodrome is the broad, flat leaf of potamageton. When evening comes on he is a long time getting ready for flight. Every movement is followed by such a long fit of abstraction that one's patience is well nigh exhausted before he is actually in position outside the water on one of the horizontal leaves; but then comes the reward when he unfolds an unexpected gauzy daintiness from beneath his elytra. Who would imagine, to see that lean brown back, that concealed under it lie a pair of finely netted wings!

The long syphon, too, is a changed object. Under the water the two parts form a tube which he pushes through the surface in order to breathe, but when he reaches the top of his potamageton leaf the sides of the tube separate while he takes in a long draught of air as a first preparation for flight.

Most of his actions are very deliberate; his swimming is accomplished by slow, laborious strokes; and sometimes he will even sit

clasping his dinner, apparently lost in a delicious dream of anticipation, forgetting to eat until the struggles of his unfortunate victim remind him that he has not completed his task.

EVELYN CHEESMAN.

## THE ZOO'S NEW WILD HORSE.

An interesting addition at the Zoological Gardens is a Mongolian or Prejevalski's wild horse. The species was first brought to the notice of zoologists in the year 1879 by Poliakoff, who gave a description of a new type of wild horse, a single specimen of which had been obtained from the desert regions of Mongolia by Colonel Prejevalski. The discovery naturally gave rise to considerable interest, not unmixed, however, with a certain amount of controversy as to whether the newly discovered animal represented a true species, or was merely a hybrid, or a descendant from domesticated horses that had run wild. For a considerable number of years no more information was to be had concerning this wild horse, but later on several living specimens were received in Russia, and a skin forwarded to the Paris museum. In 1901 the Duke of Bedford acquired a small herd consisting of twelve young animals, and the following



Prejevalski's Wild Horse.

short ears, and a long tail fully clothed with hair almost up to the root. Unlike the asses, it possesses callosities upon both the hind and fore limbs, while the thick set mane stands almost upright, but has a slight tendency to fall over at the top. There is also an absence of any barring upon the legs, the dorsal stripe is usually absent, and there is no trace of a shoulder stripe. Of the twelve original animals kept by the Duke of Bedford at Woburn Park, it may be of interest to state that no less than eleven possessed white nozzles.

W. S. B.



FIRST STAGES OF AN OYSTER CATCHER'S COURTSHIP.



THE LADY IS SHY AND VANISHES OVER A ROCK.

## OYSTER CATCHERS AND SEA BIRD PHOTOGRAPHY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Miss Shiffner, in your issue of November 8th, appears to think that it is a difficult matter to obtain photographs of young oyster catchers because they leave the nest in a few minutes, under sixty, after they are hatched. It is not so very difficult after all. If one searches about for the young when they have scattered it is a difficult matter to find them; but if one hides up in the neighbourhood, it is not long, as a rule, before the little creatures show up again. The same applies to ring plovers and other species of shore birds. They can, of course, leave the nest and run about very soon after they are hatched, but they do not leave the nest permanently for a few days; they will wander about in the immediate neighbourhood, but generally return to the nesting site to be fed, and there the parent bird broods over them. This trait is shared by other seashore birds—terns, for instance—and by such different species as spoonbills and purple herons, the young of which will leave the nest on the approach of any danger and also to hide themselves from the sun's rays, wandering about in the reeds among which the nests are built, returning to the nests when they are ready. Oyster catchers' eggs are not all hatched at the same time and occasionally a couple of days will elapse between the hatching of the first egg and the last. These birds and many other ground breeding birds will leave their eggs uncovered for considerable periods, especially on hot days or when incubation is well advanced, without any ill effects to them. In your report of Captain Knight's lecture, which is illustrated with some beautiful photographs, you are not, I think, quite correct when you state that the photography of land birds is a very much more difficult task than that of sea birds. I know it is fashionable to decry sea bird photography, but after an experience of about thirty years, during which I have photographed most of our birds, I do not altogether agree with you. One is continually coming across fresh problems even in dealing with sea birds, and find that some of the commoner species are at times difficult to portray. Cliff photography is quite as difficult as photographing in trees; but, after all, in both cases it is merely a matter of temperament. Personally I am as much at home in trees as cliffs, and neither has ever had any terrors for me; but there are many persons who cannot face either; they become dizzy at once when looking down from a height, consequently to them it appears somewhat of a feat to secure result

from those places, whereas to the photographer it is of no particular moment. As I started this note with a reference to Miss Shiffner's remarks on the oyster catcher, I will take that bird as an instance of the difficulties attending the photography of sea birds, for as such I think we can designate him. He is one of the most aggravating birds a photographer has to deal with. Occasionally one comes across a confiding bird and can almost do as one likes with it; but generally they are excessively shy and wary and many a photographer has had to retire basted by their patience and shyness. Photography of the oyster catcher yields more blanks than prizes. Some of the most valued of my series of negatives are those of a pair of oyster catchers busy with the important business of courting. I value them most because they were obtained not from a tent or a hide, but by pitting my wits against those of the most wary of our shore birds and stalking them. —R. FORTUNE.



WITH WING FEATHERS SPROUTING



TO me, there are no pleasanter little houses than those which the late eighteenth century has handed down. Transferred to paper, their elevations seem to be the very easiest essays in formal design, but the realisation of them in brick and tile and wood required a tradition in building which we no longer possess, and that is the main reason why modern houses on the same lines so rarely achieve a similar excellence. But a subsidiary fact of no little importance is, I have long contended, that our architects will not be sufficiently humble to follow these houses closely and carefully. Too often they cannot refrain from introducing some of their own "individuality," and, as this requires a sense of design which few possess, the result is not an improvement. Modern tampering with the proportions of the Parthenon order is



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OLD AND NEW, FROM THE LITTLE SUNK GARDEN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

foredoomed to failure; and though the Late Georgian builders were no Phidiases, they had so much more intuition of their craft than any of us have to-day that we may well accept their work as a model to follow.

Admittedly it is no facile task, and Mr. Morley Horder must have been fully aware of the fact when he undertook the making of a modern home out of the little four-square house called Brimshot Farm that faces Chobham Common in Surrey. His success there is in direct ratio to his assimilation and re-creation of the spirit of the old work he was dealing with. The total result is extremely pleasing, the more so in comparison with the restless effect of the colony of houses around Woking station, which is the railway gate for rural Chobham. Extension in some form being imperative to adapt the little farmhouse to its new requirements, it was decided that the



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FROM THE LAWN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

[Nov. 22nd, 1919.]



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## IN THE STUDY.

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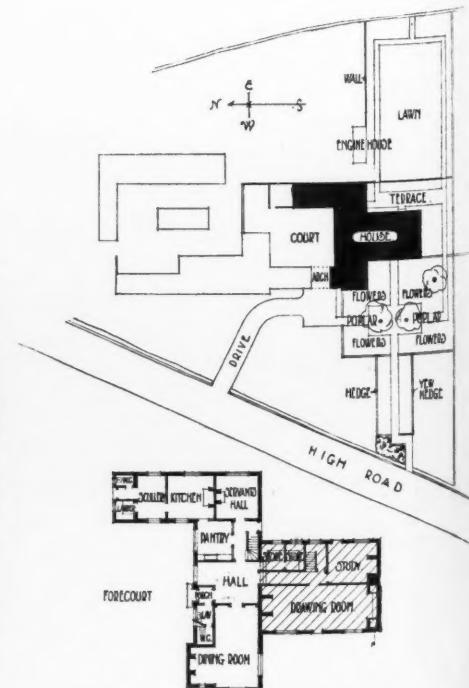
Copyright.

FROM THE SOUTH.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

character of the old work could best be carried on by making the additions on both sides of the house. Unfortunately, the question of aspect received very little consideration in Late Georgian days, and in this particular case the aspect and the prospect—a beautiful view over the Common—made matters difficult. A satisfactory solution, however, was arrived at by using the old front door as a garden entrance, looking west, and now its two sentinel-like poplars are features in a little sunk garden on this side, out of which only a path leads to the by-road. The extension is on the north, forming a plan of T shape, and connecting up to the farm buildings, through which a way was cut to a little entrance court, part of the big barn being used as a garage. This arrangement left the old house intact and at the same time effected a good grouping of the whole. The parlour and sitting-room of the old house have been turned into a long low drawing-room with an outlook to the south-west, and the old kitchen (which faced south) now becomes the study. In the new wing are the hall, the dining-room and service offices. The ground floor plan below shows what has been done, the original building being hatched across. The old house thus blossoms forth in a larger way, yet has suffered no violence in the process. Hand-made bricks and old tiles have been used for the new addition, but this frankly proclaims itself as such, which is proper and right, whereas the tricking out of new work to look like old is one of the cardinal sins of architecture. The owner, Mr. Brettell, might have pulled down the old house and built a new one in its place—getting, possibly, more direct and ample arrangements thereby—but it would have meant many years before there would have been the settled conditions of house and garden which he now has by keeping so much that has been mellowed by the passing of the years.

R. R. P.



## PLANS OF HOUSE AND GARDEN

# POTATOES RAISED FROM SEED

BY EDWIN BECKETT, V.M.H.



WINNERS OF THE FIRST, SECOND, THIRD, AND FOURTH PRIZES.

EARLY this year the enterprising firm of Ryder and Son, Limited, of St. Albans, Herts, distributed 50,000 packets of potato seed procured by them from an eminent American seed raiser who is an expert at hybridising. It was the true seed, procured from the seed pods of the potato which follow the flowers and resemble a small green tomato. These pods are known by the common name of "potato apple," and are the true seed of the *Solanum tuberosum*, whereas the potato "set" is oftentimes erroneously known as a "seed" potato. The St. Albans firm, in conjunction with their distribution, offered prizes for a dish of the twelve best tubers raised from the seed, the first of which prizes was the sum of £50. Too much stress cannot be laid on Messrs. Ryder's effort, for diseases appear to be on the increase, to the great detriment of our potato crops and the naturally increased anxiety of the potato growers. There is little doubt but that the distribution of this seed will eventually result in splendid new varieties of potatoes of strong, healthy constitution, well able to resist the diseases, besides in all probability increasing the weight of crops, as well as improving their quality, and so throughout the country a new strain of potatoes will replace to a large extent older varieties which invariably, with the passing of time, deteriorate more or less in quality and yield.

I had the privilege of being invited, along with Mr. E. Molyneux, V.M.H., that well known horticultural agriculturist of Swanmore, Hants, to adjudicate in Messrs. Ryder's competition, and I think the results have far exceeded the expectations of the originators of the scheme, for no fewer than 2,600 competitors sent in a total of well over 3,000 dishes of twelve tubers; some, in fact, sent in as many as nineteen lots.

The exhibition of all these dishes was a striking one indeed, and greatly did they vary. Some tubers were as small as marbles, others weighed up to half a pound. Many, as was only to be expected from hybridised seed, showed a distinct set back towards the original wild potato, a fact which was evidenced by their red or purple coloured skin and flesh. All sorts and types of potatoes were present, from pebble-shaped to kidney, long and short, round and flat;

and while some presented the well known appearance of earlies, others were undoubtedly of the maincrop order. There was obviously very little disease present; in fact, the majority of the potatoes were adorned by the magnificent, hardy-looking russet skin which proclaims the probability of the tuber being immune from disease. Nearly all of them could be classed as being of fine healthy constitution, and the presence of considerable quantities of chlorophyll in the pink eyes further supported this theory.

The task of judging was a formidable one, but eventually the nineteen lots for prize awards were sorted out; and then the final weighing of pros and cons was one that would have teased the judgment of a Solomon. The decision as to which should rank for first and second prizes took a very long time indeed and laid between two fine dishes, one of the round type with magnificent russet skins of medium-sized tubers, and the other dozen comprising fine kidney-shaped potatoes with clear yellow skins and rather above medium size. The first mentioned, which were forwarded by Mr. E. Collins of Learpool Farm, Welland, Malvern, Worcester, eventually carried off the premier award; the other dish, which was ranked as second, running the first remarkably close, was sent by Mr. M. Hoad of 86, Hythe Road, Willesborough, Kent. The third prize was won by a lady, Miss E. Bolas of Mount Stewart Gardens, Newtownards, Ireland; also a remarkably fine dish.

It is strange to note how few winners came from Scotland or Ireland, and what a good proportion came from the Eastern Counties, especially as one generally looks to the first two districts for the production of the finest potatoes for "seed" purposes.

Messrs. Ryders themselves during the year devoted 2½ acres of ground to the raising of 12,000 seedlings, and, from the crop lifted, selected 500 dishes, which they placed on view at the same time as the others; and from the points of diversity in shape, size and colour, they agreed remarkably with those raised by their customers.

During the year I raised 100 seedlings from this hybrid seed, and the first thing that struck me when the crop was raised was the fact that no two roots agreed as to variety.

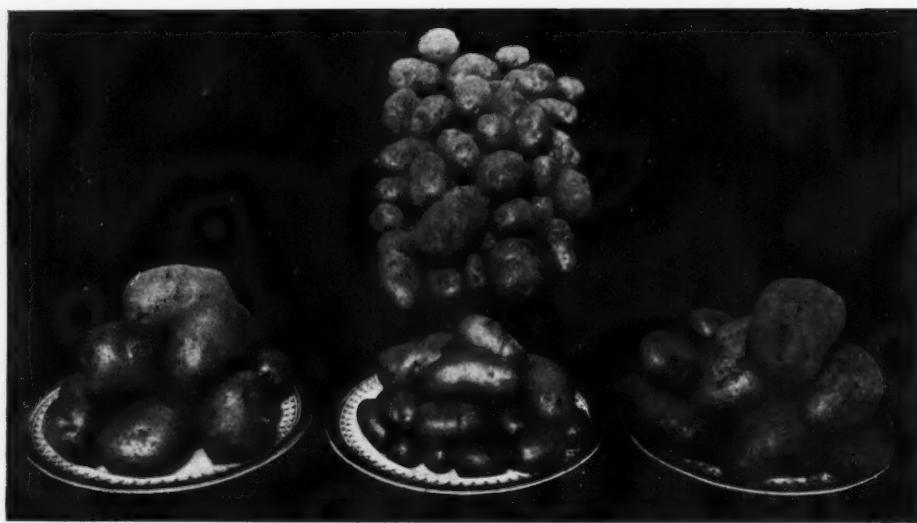


EIGHT OTHER PRIZE-WINNING DISHES.

On one of them were between seventy and eighty tubers, which is indeed a remarkable number. I had the pleasure of inspecting the seedling crop raised at St. Albans during their growing season, and it was a goodly sight. It is noteworthy that when Messrs. Ryder lifted

their crop, the two heaviest roots yielded 10lb. and 6lb. respectively.

The whole matter is one to compliment this enterprising firm upon, as there is no question that they have set on foot a magnificent movement, and one from which,



FOUR HEAVY ROOTS OF

SEEDLING-RAISED TUBERS.

the success of their enterprise, as judged from the number of entries. It is an interesting fact that, while entries came in from all parts of the British Islands, one actually crossed the Atlantic from Canada, while several came from France.

## MAETERLINCK'S DOGS

**Georgette Leblanc-Maeterlinck.** (*Methuen, 6s. 6d.*)

THE charm of Mme. Maeterlinck's collection of dog sketches lies in the originality of the facts, or supposed facts, and of the style in which they are recorded. There is nothing heroic to be recorded, but the most commonplace actions and instincts are illuminated by a master hand. "Supposed" is a hard word, but we can readily forgive the narrator for falling into the pitfall which yawns open to all canine historians, viz., ascribing to super-wisdom actions capable of a hum-drum explanation; so fascinating is her style that we could forgive much more than this. Adhémar, who starved himself to death "because he had been misunderstood," displayed no more stupidity than the cur immortalised by Wordsworth for remaining near his injured and starving master on Helvellyn, instead of going to seek help, which any hill collie would have done. Adhémar's broken heart could probably be explained on a gastronomical or intestinal basis. It is a relief to search the pages in vain for the hungry dog which brought his mistress a bunch of forget-me-nots, in fact, there are no "chestnuts," if we except the story of the warm armchair; even here, Golaud omitted to blow on the tell-tale spot after the approved style!

Louis, the débonnaire, appears to have been actuated by cupboard-love, and not much else, deserting his poor quarters in the students' home for Maeterlinck's more solid comforts; his bump of locality, however, redeems him from obscurity. Raymond, the clown, is a far more attractive personality, and his entry upon the children's party is fascinatingly told. True to life is the description of the zest with which he embarked on his performances, precluding any possibility of cruelty in his training. Hereditary influences are hinted at to account for his theatrical bent, but only tentatively, whereas we should be inclined to take their existence for granted. Heredity in the dog is carried to an extent only credible by the man who can remember every trait, mental and physical, in the individual dog's ancestors.

Achille, the dogue de Bordeaux, who even in moments of excitement restrained himself when the distance of soft—the length of the cord by which he was held while being trained—must have had painful recollections, probably of a spiked collar, to keep his memory green. He belonged to a dangerous race, resembling in many ways our bull-mastiffs, rendered still uglier by mutilation of ears and tail. Neither Gaston, a cross between the Arab greyhound, met with in Algeria, and the Great Dane, which fed both himself and his harem on stolen sausages, nor Golaud, a crossbred bull-dog, would have been tolerated long in these days of food shortage. The latter was grievously wounded

by a butcher's knife, but survived this and other mishaps, till a merciful bullet ended his fifteen years of life, during which he had many opportunities of earning his title of "super-dog." Brains he certainly possessed; witness his action when lost and discovered in the "Left Luggage Office," seated by his master's luggage. The "impressions" attributed to him indicate the humanity of his owner even more than the intelligence of the dog. It has always seemed to me that the man with the gift—for it cannot be acquired—of putting himself into the dog's place, mentally, is the only perfect trainer. Had Maeterlinck undertaken the breaking of pointers, setters or retrievers, his pupils would have swept the boards; their individuality would have been built upon; they would have been given credit for knowing some things which men can never know.

Poor Golaud's impressions were largely puzzles which remained unsolved; the theatre, where he "saw a paste-board partridge served on a table and people pretending that it was delicious!" And the Abbey at Saint-Wandrille. "What sort of home is this? You can't tell where it begins and where it leaves off! I have lost touch of my duties and my rules. When I think I am out of doors, I am still indoors. I come across posts which have to be respected as though they were priceless cushions. There is a place which they call the cloisters, which has to be treated like a drawing-room, though I find earth there and sky and stones and very ancient odours which inspire me." His master was, to him, a god, but a puzzling god; "it is true that my god is great, for he eats whenever he likes; but, if he is omnipotent, why does he never finish the dish?"

There is a good deal of truth in the observation called forth by Golaud's old age, with regard to deafness, "a kind of Nirvana; no more uneasiness, no more obedience." There is, unluckily, another aspect; too often deafness leads to accident. Certain powers, however, Golaud preserved intact, even after passing the allotted span of years. "I have seduced the sheep dog, and my descendants will go about looking ridiculous, with pointed noses and foxes tails!" The old rascal!

Quotations of extracts can never do justice to a book of this kind, replete with suggestions of spiritual interest; a suitable corrective for the more narrow-minded dog lover, who talks loosely of the uselessness of mere pet dogs. He probably has half a dozen retrievers in his kennel, of which five are of no use whatever and the sixth only one degree better. And even if they are all of use, wherein does that use lie? Surely in giving pleasure to their master, who shoots for amusement and not to save the country from starvation!

D. H. CAIRNS.